Accessions
151,659

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THE LADIES TRIALL.

ACTED
By both their Majesties Servants
at the private house in
DRVRY LANE.

FIDE HONOR

LONDON,
Printed by E. G. for *Henry Shephard*, and are to be
sold at his shop in *Chancery-lane* at the signe of
the Bible, between Sarjants Inne and Fleet-street,
neare the Kings-head Taverne. 1639.

THE LADIES TRIAL.

151,659
May 1873

To my Deſervingly-honoured,

IOHN WYRLEY Eſquire, and to the vertuous and right worthy Gentlewoman, Mrs MARY WYRLEY his wife,

This ſervice.

THE inequalitie of retribution turnes to a pitty, when there is not ability ſufficient for acknowledgement. Your equall reſpects may yet admit the readineſſe of *Endeavour*, though the very hazard in it, betray my *Defect*. I have enjoyed freely acquaintance, with the ſweetneſſe of your diſpoſitions; and can juſtly account, from the Nobleneſſe of them, an evident diſtinction betwixt *Friendſhip* and *Friends*. The latter (according to the practice of complement) are uſually met with; and often without *Search*: The other, many have ſearcht for, I have found. For which, though I partake a benefite of the for-

tune; yet to you (*most equall Paire*) must remain the *Honour* of that *Bounty*. In presenting *this Issue* of some lesse serious houres to your tuition, I appeale from the severitie of *censure*, to the mercy of your *Iudgements*: and shall rate *It* at a higher value, than when *It* was mine own, if you onely allow *It* the favour of *Adoption*. Thus, as your happines in the fruition of each others love, proceeds to a *constancie*: so the truth of *mine*, shal appeare lesse un-shaken, as you shall please to continue in your good opinions.

IOHN FORD.

THE SCENE,
Genoa.

The Speakers.

Auria — *A noble Genoese.*
Adurni — *A young Lord.*
Aurelio — *Friend to Auria.*
Malfato — *A discontented Lover.*
Trelcatio, Martino — *Citizens of Genoa.*
Piero, Futelli — *Dependants on Adurni*
Guzman — *A Bragadotio Spaniard.*
Fulgoso — *An upstart Gallant.*
Benatzi — *Husband to Levidolche.*

Spinella — *Wife to Auria.*
Castanna — *Her sister.*
Amoretta — *A fantastick Mayd.*
Levidolche — *A Wanton.*

PROLOGVE.

Language and matter, with a fit of mirth,
That sharply savours more of aire than earth,
Like Midwives, bring a Play to timely birth.

But wheres now such a ones? in which these three,
Are handsonely contriv'd? or if they bee,
Are understood by all who heare to see.

Wit, wit's the word in fashion, that alone
Cryes up the Poet, which though neatly showne,
Is rather censur'd often-times than knowne.

He who will venture on a jest, that can
Raile on anothers paine, or idlely scan
Affaires of state, oh hee's the onely man.

A goodly approbation, which must bring
Fame with contempt, by such a deadly sting,
The Muses chatter, who were wont to sing.

Your favours in what we present to day,
Our fearlesse Author boldly bids me say,
He tenders you no Satyr, but a play.

In which, if so he have not hit all right,
For wit, words, mirth, and matter as he might,
A' wishes yet a' had, for your delight.

THE LADIES TRIALL.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter PIERO *and* FUTELLI *at severall doores.*

PIERO.

Accomplished man of fashion.

FVT. The times wonder.
Gallant of gallants Genoas *Piero.*

PIE. Italies darling, Europes joy, and so forth,
The newest newes, un-vampt,

FVT. I am no foot-poast,
No pedlar of Aviso's, no monopolist
Of forged Corantos, monger of Gazets.

PIE. Monger of courtezans, fine *Futelli,*
In certaine kinde a merchant of the staple
For wares of use and trade, a taker up,
Rather indeede a knocker downe, the word

Will carry either sence but in pure earnest,
How trowles the common noyse?

FVT. *Auria* who lately
Wedded and bedded to the faire *Spinella*,
Tyred with the enjoyments of delights, is hasting to cuffe the Turkish pirats, in the service of the great Duke of Florence.

PIE. Does not carry
His pretty thing along.

FVT. Leaves her to buffet
Land pirats here at home.

PIE. Thats thou and I,
Futelli (sirrah) and *Piero*——blockhead
To runne from such an arme full of pleasures
For gaining, what? a bloudy nose of honour,
Most sottish and abominable.

FVT. wicked
Shamefull and cowardlie I will maintaine.

PIE. Is all my signiors hospitality
Huge banquerings, deepe revells, costly trapings
Shrunke to a cabbin, and a single welcome
To beverage and bisket.

FVT. Hold thy peace man.
It makes for us——he comes, lets part demurely.

Enter Adurni, and Auria.

AD. Wee wish theee (honourd *Auria*) life and safety,
Returne crownd with a victory, whose wreath,
Of triumph may advance thy countries glory,
Worthy your name and Ancestors.

AVR. My Lord,
I shall not live to thrive in any action,
Deserving memory when I forget
Adurnis love and favour.

PIE. I present yee
My service for a farewell.

FVT. Let few words
Excuse all arts of complement.

FVL. For my owne part,
Kill or be kill'd, for theres the short and long on't.
Call me your shadowes hinch-boy.

AVR. Gentlemen,
My businesse urging on a present hast,
Enforceth short replie.

AD. Wee dare not hinder
Your resolution wingd with thoughts so constant.
All happinesse.

PIE. PHVT. Contents.

AVR. So leave the wintred people of the North,
The minutes of their summer, when the Sunne
Departing leaves them in Cold roabes of Ice,
As I leave Genoa, —— now appeares the object
Of my apprentic'd hart, thou bringst *Spinella*
A welcome in a farewell, soules and bodies
Are severd for a time, a span of time;
To joyne againe without all separation,
In a confirmed unitie for ever.
Such will our next embraces be for life;
And then to take the wracke of our divisions,
Will sweeten the remembrance of past dangers,
Will fasten love in perpetuity,
Will force our sleepes to steale upon our stories.
These daies must come, and shal without a cloud
Or night of feare, or envie: to your charge,
(*Trelcatio* our good unkle) and the comfort
Of my *Spinella's* sister, faire *Castanna*,
I doe intrust this treasure.

Enter Trelcatio, Spinella, & Castanna.

TREL. I dare promise,
My husbanding that trust with truth and care.

CAST. My sister shall to me stand an example,
Of powring free devotions for your safety.

AVRI. Gentle *Castanna*, thou art a branch of goodnesse,
Growne on the selfe same stocke with my *Spinella*.
But why my deere, hast thou lockd up thy speech in so much silent sadnesse, oh at parting!

Belike one private whisper must bee sighd,
Vncle the best of peace enrich your familie,
I take my leave.

TREL. Blessings and health preserve yee. *Exit.*

AUR. Nay nay *Castanna*, you may hear our counsels
A while, you are designd your sisters husband,
Give me thy hand *Spinella*, you did promise,
To send me from you with more cheerefull lookes,
Without a grudge or teare, deed love you did.

SPI. What friend have I left in your absence?

AUR. Many thy vertues are, such friends, they cannot faile thee,
Faith, purity of thoughts and such a meekenesse,
As would force scandall to a blush.

SPI. Admit Sir,
The patent of your life should be calld in,
How am I left then to account with griefes;
More slav'd to pity then a broken heart?
Auria! soule of my comforts, I let fall
No eye on breach of fortune, I contemne
No entertainment to divided hopes;
I urge no pressures by the scorne of change;
And yet my *Auria*, when I but conceave
How easie tis (without impossibilitie)
Never to see thee more, forgive me then,
If I conclude I may be miserable,
Most miserable.

CON. And such conclusion sister
Argues effects of a distrust more voluntarie
then cause by likely hood.

AUR. Tis truth *Castanna*.

SPI. I grant it truth, yet *Auria* I am a woman,
And therefore apt to feare, to shew my dutie
And not take heart from you, Ile walke from yee,
At your command, and not as much as trouble
Your thought with one poore looking backe.

AUR. I thanke thee,
My worthy wife! before we kisse, receave

This caution from thine *Auria*, first *Castanna*
Let us bid farewell.
SPI. Speake (good) speake.
AUR. the steps
Young Ladies tread left to their own discretion,
How ever wisely printed are observed
And construed as the lookers on presume,
Point out thy waies then in such even pathes,
As thine owne iealousies from others tongues
May not intrude a guilt, tho undeserved.
Admit of visits as of Physicke forc'd
Not to procure health, but for safe prevention
Against a growing sickenesse in thy use
Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,
As no remembrance may impeach thy rest,
Appeare not in a fashion that can prompt
The gazers eye, or holla to report;
Some widdowed neglect of hand, some value
In recreations be both wise, and free,
Live still at home, home to thy selfe how-ere
Enricht with noble company, remember
A womans vertue in her life time, writes
The Epitaph all covet on their tombes,
In short I know thou never wilt forget
Whose wife thou art, nor how upon thy lippes,
Thy husband at his parting stald this kisse.
No more.
SPI. Deere heaven! goe sister, goe. *Exit.*
AURI. Done bravely,
And like the choice of glory to know mine, *Enter Aurelio.*
One of earths best I have forgone, —— see, see,
Yet in another I am rich; a friend,
A perfect one, *Aurelio.*
AUREL. Had I been,
No stranger to your bosome Sir, ere now
You might have sorted me in your resolves;
Companion of your fortunes.

AUR. So the wrongs
I should have ventur'd on against thy fate
Must have deny'd all pardon, not to hold
Dispute with reputations, why before
This present instant I conceald the stealth
Of my adventures from the Counsels, know
My wants doe drive me hence.

AUREL. Wants, so you sayd,
And 'twas not friendly spoken,

AURI. Heare me further.

AUREL. *Auria* take heed, the covert of a folly
Willing to range; be not without excuse
Discoverd in the coynage of untruths.
I use no harder language, thou art neare
Already on a ship-wrack in forsaking
The holy land of friendship in forsaking
To talke your wants. Fie.

AURI. By that sacred thing
Last issu'd from the Temple where it dwelt,
I mean our friendship, I am sunke so low
In my estate, that bids me live in *Genoa*
But six moneths longer, I survive the remnant
Of all my store.

AUREL Vmh.

AURI. In my Countrey, friend
Where I have sided my superiour friend
Swayd opposition, friend, friend here to fall
Subject to scorne, or rarely found compassion,
Were more than man that hath a soule could beare,
A soule not stoop'd to servitude.

AUREL. Your shew,
Nor certaintie, nor weake assurance yet
Of reparation in this course: in case
Command be proffered.

AURI. He who cannot merit
Preferment by employments, let him bare
His throat unto the Turkish cruelty,

Or

Or dye or live a slave without redemption.

AUREL. For that so, but you have a wife, a young,
A faire wife; she, though she could never claime
Right in prosperitie, was never tempted
By triall of extreames, to youth and beauty,
Bayts for dishonour, and a perisht fame.

AURI. Shew me the man that lives, and to my face
Dares speake, scarce thinke, such tyranny against
Spinellas constancie, except *Aurelio*
He is my friend.

AUREL. There lives not then a friend
Dares love you like *Aurelio*, that *Aurelio*,
Who late and early; often sayd and truly,
Your marriage with *Spinella* would entangle
As much th'opinion due to your discretion,
As your estate, it hath done so to both.

AURI. I finde it hath.

AUREL. He who prescribes no law,
No limits of condition to the objects
Of his affection; but will meerly wed
A face because tis round, or limb'd by nature
In purest red and white, or at the best,
For that his mistresse owes an excellence
Of qualities, knowes when and how to speake,
Where to keepe silence, with fit reasons why,
Whose vertues are her onely dowre, else
In either kinde, ought of himselfe to master
Such fortunes as adde fuell to their loves
For otherwise: —— but herein I am idle,
Have foold to little purpose.

AURI. She's my wife.

AUREL. And being so, it is not manly done
To leave her to the triall of her wits,
Her modestie, her innocence, her vowes.
This is the way that poynts her out an art
Of wanton life.

AURI. Sir, sayd yee?

AUREL. You forme reasons,
Iust ones, for your abandoning the stormes
Which threaten your owne ruine; but propose
No shelter for her honour; what my tongue
Hath utterd, *Auria*, is but honest doubt,
And you are wise enough in the construction.

AURI. Necessitie must arme my confidence,
Which if I live to triumph over friend,
And ere come back in plentie, I pronounce
Aurelio heire of what I can bequeath.
Some fit deduction for a worthy widow,
Allowd with caution, she be like to prove so.

AUREL. Who? I your heire? your wife being yet so young,
In every probability so forward
To make you a father? leave such thoughts.

AURI. Believe it,
Without replies *Aurelio*: keepe this note,
A warrant for receiving from *Mariuo*
Two hundred Ducats; as you finde occasion
Dispose them in my absence to *Spinella*.
I would not trust her uncle, hee good man,
Is at an ebbe himselfe, another hundred
I left with her, a fourth I carry with me,
Am I not poore, *Aurelio*, now? exchange
Of more debates between us, would undoe
My resolution: Walke a little prithee,
Friends we are, and will embrace: but let's not speake
Another word.

AUREL. Ile follow you to your horse. *Exit.*

Enter Adurni and Futelli. *A letter.*

ADUR. With her owne hand.

FUT. She never us'd my Lord,
A second meanes, but kist the letter first,
Orelookt the superscription: then let fall
Some amorous drops, kist it againe, talkt to it
Twentie times over, set it to her mouth,

Then

Then gave it me, then snatch'd it backe againe,
Then cryd, oh my poore heart, and in an instant
Commend my truth and secresie, such medly
Of passion yet, I never saw in woman.

Ad. In woman? th'art deceav'd; but that we both
Had mothers, I could say how women are,
In their owne natures, modells of meere change:
Of change of what is naught, to what is worse,
She fed ye liberally.

Fut. Twenty ducates
She forcd on me, vowd by the pretious love
She bore the best of men, (I use my lord)
Her very words the miracle of men,
Malfato, (then she sigh'd) this mite of gold
Was only entrance to a farther bounty,
Tis meant (my lord) be like presse mony.

Ad. Divell! how durst she tempt thee, *Futelli*, knowing
Thy love to me?

Fut. There lies (my lord) her cunning,
Rather her craft: first she began what pitty
It was, that men should differ in estates,
Without proportion some so strangely rich,
Others so miserable poore; and yet,
Quoth she, since tis very deed unfit
All should be equalls; so I must confesse
It were good justice that the propereſt men
Should be prefer'd to fortune, such as nature
Had mark't with faire abilities of which
Genoa, for ought I know, hath wondrous few
Not two to boast of.

Ad. Here began her itch.

Fut. I answerd, she was happy then, whose choice
In you, my lord, was singular.

Ad. Well urgd.

Fut. She smil'd, and said, it might be so, and yet
There stopt: then I cloz'd with her, and concluded
The title of a lord was not enough,

For absolute perfection, I had seene
Persons of meaner quality, much more
Exact in faire indowments; but your Lordship
Will pardon me, I hope.
AD. And love thee for it.
FUT. Phew: let that passe (quoth she) and now wee prattle
Of handsome gentlemen, in my opinion,
Malfato is a very pretty fellow,
Is he not, pray Sir, I had then the truth
Of what I rov'd at: and with more then praise,
Approv'd her judgement in so high a straine,
Without comparison (my honourd Lord)
That soone wee both concluded of the man,
The match and businesse.
AD. For delivering
A letter to *Malfato*.
FUT. Whereto I
No sooner had consented, with protests,
(I did protest my Lord) of secresie,
And service, but she kist me (as I live)
Of her owne free accord —— (I trust your lordship
Conceaves not me amisse) pray rip the seale
(My lord) youle finde sweet stuffe, I dare believe,
AD. *Present to the most accomplisht* *Adurni reades.*
Of men, Malfato *with this*
Love a service.
Kind Superscription, prithee finde him out,
Deliver it with complement, observe
How ceremoniously he does receive it.
FUT. will not your lordship peruse the contents?
AD. enough I know too much be just, and cunning
A wanton Mistresse is a common sewer
Much never project labors in my braine ----
Your friend heres now the *Gemini* of wit
What od conceit is next on foot, some cast *Enter Piero.*
Of neate invention, ha sirs.
PIE. Very fine,

I doe proteſt my lord.
FUT. Your lordſhips eare ſhall ſhare ith' plot.
AD. As how?
PIE. You know my lord
Young *Amoretta*, old *Trelcatio's* daughter
An honeſt man, but poore.
FUT. And my good lord,
He that is honeſt, muſt be poore, my lord,
It is a common rule.
AD. Well *Amoretta*,
Pray one at once my knowledge is not much,
Of her inſtruct me.
PIE. Speake *Futelli*.
FUT. Spare me.
Piero has the tongue more pregnant:
PIE. Fie play on your creature.
FUT. Shall be yours.
PIE. Nay good.
AD. Well keep your mirth, my dainty honies agree
Some two daies hence, till when——
PIE. By any meanes,
Partake the ſport, my lord, this thing of youth.
FUT. Hanſome enough, good face, quicke eye, well bred.
PIE. Is yet poſſeſt ſo ſtrangely.
FUT. With an humor of thinking, ſhe deſerves——
PIE. A Duke, a Count.
At leaſt a Viſcount, for her husband that——
FUT. She ſcornes all mention of a match beneath
One of the foreſaid nobles; will not ride
In a caroach without eight horſes.
PIE. Six, ſhe may be drawn to fower——
FUT. Are for the power,
But for two horſes in a coach——
PIE. She ſaies,
Th'are not for creatures of heavens making fitter——
FUT. Fitter for litters to convey hounds in,
Then people chriſtian yet herſelfe——

PIE. Herſelfe walkes evermore a foot, and knowes not whether
A Coach doth trot or amble.
FUT. But by heare-ſay.
AD. Stop gentlemen, you run a gallop both:
Are out of breath ſure, tis a kinde of complement
Scarce entred to the times, but certainly
You coyne a humour, let me underſtand
Deliberately your fancie.
PIE. In plaine troath,
My *Lord*, the ſhe whom we deſcribe is ſuch,
And lives here, here in Genoa, this Citie,
This very citie, now, the very now.
AD. *Trelcatios* daughter.
FUT. Has refuſed ſuiters
Of worthy ranke, ſubſtantiall and free parts,
Onely for that they are not Dukes, or Counts,
Yet ſhe herſelfe, with all her fathers ſtore,
Can hardly weigh above foure hundred Ducates.
AD. Now your deſigne for ſport.
PIE. Without prevention,
Guzman the Spaniard late caſheerd, moſt gravely
Obſerves the full punctilios of his nation,
And him have we beleagred to accoſt
This ſhee-peece, under a preſence of being
Grandee of Spain, and couſin to twelve Princes.
FUT. For rivall unto whom we have enrag'd
Fulgoſo, the rich cox-combe lately ſtarted
A gentleman out of a Sutlers hut,
In the late Flemiſh warres, we have reſolvd him
He is deſcended from *Pantagruel*,
Of famous memory by the fathers ſide,
And by the mother from Dame *Fuſti-Bunga*,
Who troubled long time with a ſtrangury,
Vented at laſt ſalt-water ſo abundantly,
As drownd the land twixt *Sirixia* and *Vere*,
Where ſteeples tops are onely ſeene: hee caſts
Beyond the Moone, and will be greater yet

In

In ſpight of Don.

AD. You muſt abuſe the maid
Beyond amends.

FUT. But countenance the courſe
My Lord, and it may chance beſide the mirth,
To worke a reformation on the mayden,
Her fathers leave is granted, and thankes promiſ'd,
Our ends are harmleſſe trials.

AD. I betray me ſecrets of ſuch uſe.

AMBO. Your Lordſhips humbleſt. *Exit.*

Enter Aurelio and Malfato.

AU. A Melancholy grounded, and reſolv'd,
Receiv'd into a habit, argues love,
Or deepe impreſſion of ſtrong diſcontents,
In caſes of theſe rarities a friend
Upon whoſe faith, and confidence, we may
Vent with ſecurity, our griefe becomes
Oftentimes the beſt Phyſition, for admit
Wee finde no remedy, we cannot miſſe
Adviſe inſted of comfort, and beleeve
It is an eaſe, *Malfato*, to disburthen
Our ſoules of ſecret clogges, where they may finde
A reſt in pitty, tho not in redreſſe.

MAL. Let all this ſence be yielded to

AU. Perhaps you meaſure what I ſay, the common nature
Of an officious curioſity

MAL. Not I Sir.

AU. Or that other privat ends
Sift your retirements ——

MAL. Neither. *Enter Futelli.*

FUT. Under favour
Signior *Malfato*, I am ſent to crave
Your leiſure, for a word or two in private.

MAL. To me! your minde

FUT. This letter will informe ye.

MAL. Letter? howes this? whats here?

FUT. Speake yee to me sir?
MAL. Brave riddle: Ile endevour to unfold it.
AU. How fares the Lord *Adurni*?
FUT. Sure in health sir.
AUR. He is a noble Gentle-man; withall
Happy in his endevours: the generall voyce
Sounds him for courtesie, behaviour, language,
And every faire demeanor, an example:
Titles of honour adde not to his worth,
Who is himselfe an honour to his titles.
MAL. You know from whence this comes.
FUT. I doe.
MAL. D'ee laugh!
But that I must consider such as Spaniels,
To those who feed and cloath them, I would print
Thy pandarisme upon thy fore-head: there
Beare backe that paper to the hell from whence
It gave thee thy directions, tell this Lord,
He ventur'd on a foolish policie,
In aiming at the scandall of my bloud,
The tricke is childish, base, say base.
FUT. You wrong him.
AU. Be wise *Malfato*.
MAL. Say, I know this whore.
She who sent this temptation, was wife
To his abused servant, and divorc'd
From poore *Benatzi*, senceless of the wrongs
That Madam *Lenidolche* and *Adurni*
Might revell in their sports without controule,
Secure, uncheckt.
AUR. You range too wildly now,
*A*re too much inconsiderate.
MAL. *I* am
A gentleman free borne, *I* never wore
The raggs of any great mans lookes, nor fed
Upon their after-meales; *I* never croucht
Unto the offall of an Office promis'd

Reward for long attendance, and then miſt.
I read no difference between this huge,
This monſtrous big word Lord, and Gentleman,
More than the Title ſounds; for ought *I* learne,
The latter is as noble as the firſt,
I'me ſure more ancient.

Au. Let me tell you then,
You are too bitter, talk you know not what,
Make all men equalls, and confound all courſe
Of order, and of Nature: this is madneſſe.

MAL. Tis ſo; and *I* have reaſon to be mad:
Reaſon *Aurelio*, by my truth and hopes.
This wit *Futells* brings a ſuit of love
From *Lenidolche*, one however maſkt
In colourable privacie, is fam'd
The Lord *Adurnes* penſioner, at leaſt.
Am I a husband pickt out for a ſtrumpet,
For a caſt ſuit of bawdrie? *Aurelio*,
You are as *I* am, you could ill digeſt
The triall of a patience ſo unfit.
Be gone *Futells*, doe not mince one ſyllable
Of what you heare: another fetch like this
May tempt a peace to rage: ſo ſay, be gone.

FUT. *I* ſhall report your anſwer. *Exit.*

MAL. What have *I*
Deſerv'd to bee ſo uſ'd? in colder blood
I doe confeſſe nobilitie requires
Dutie and love, it is a badge of vertue,
By action firſt acquir'd, and next in ranke
Vnto anoynted royaltie wherein
Have *I* neglected diſtance, or forgot
Obſervance to ſuperiours? ſure my name
Was in the note miſtooke.

Au. We will conſider the meaning of this myſtery.

MAL Not ſo,
Let them feare bondage who are ſlaves to feare,
The ſweeteſt freedom is an honeſt heart. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus Secundus.

Enter Futelli and Guzman.

FVTELLI.

DExteritie and ſufferance, brave Don,
Are Engines the pure politicke muſt work with.
Guz. We underſtand.
Fut. In ſubtilties of warre,
(I talke t'ee now in your owne occupation,
Your trade, or what you pleaſe) unto a Souldier,
Surprizall of an enemy by ſtratagem,
Or down-right cutting throats is all one thing.
Guz. Moſt certaine: on, proceed.
Fut. By way of parallell,
You drill or exerciſe your company,
(No matter which for termes) before you draw
Into the field, ſo in the feats of Courtſhip,
Firſt choyce is made of thoughts, behaviour, words,
The ſet of lookes, the poſture of the beard,
Beſo las manus, cringes of the knee,
The very hums and ha's, thumps, and ay mees.
Guz We underſtand all theſe: advance.
Fut. Then next,
Your enemy in face, your miſtreſſe (marke it)
Now you conſult either to skirmiſh ſlightly,
Thats careleſſe amors, or to enter battaile,
Then fall to open treatie, or to worke
By ſecret ſpies or gold: here you corrupt
The Chamber-mayd, a fatall engine, or
Place there an Ambuſcado, thats contract
With ſome of her neere friends, for halfe her portion,
Or offer truce, and in the interim,
Run upon ſlaughter, tis a noble treachery,
Thats ſweare and lye, ſteale her away: and to her

Caſt caps, and cry *Victoria*, the field's
Thine owne (my Don) ſhee's thine.
Guz. We doe vouchſafe her.
Fut. Hold her then faſt.
Guz. As faſt as can the armes
Of ſtrong imagination hold her.
Fut. No, ſh'as skipt your hold, my imaginations eyes
Perceives ſhe not endures the touch or ſent
Of your war-over-worne habiliments,
Which I forgot in my inſtructions
To warne you of, therefore my warlicke Don,
Apparrell ſpeedily your imagination
With a more courtly out-ſide.
Guz. Tis ſoone done.
Fut. As ſoone as ſayd, in all the cloathes thou haſt,
More than that walking wardrobe on thy back.
Guz. Imagine firſt our rich Mockado doublet,
VVith our cut cloath of gold ſleeves, and our quellio,
Our Diamond buttond Callamancho hoſe,
Our plume of Oſtrich, with the embroydred ſcarfe
The Dutcheſſe Infanta ſgo rowld our arme in.
Fut. *I* this is brave indeed.
Guz. Our Cloake whoſe cape is
Larded with pearles, which the Indian lacquies
Preſented to our countrey-man *De Cortez*,
For ranſome of his life, rated in value
At thirteene thouſand piſtolets, the guerdon
Of our atchievement, when wee reſcued
The Infanta from the Bore in ſingle duell,
Neere to the Auſtrian forreſt with this rapier,
This onely, very, naked, ſingle rapier.
Fut. Top and top-gallant brave,
Guz. VVe will appeare
Before our *Amoretta* like the iſſue
Of our progenitors.
Fut. Imagine ſo,
And that this rich ſute of imagination,

Is on already now (which is moſt probable
As that apparell) here ſtands your *Amoretta*,
Make your approach and court her.

Guz. Luſtre of beauty,
Not to affright your tender ſoule with horrour,
We may diſcend to tales of peace and love,
Soft whiſpers fitting Ladies cloſſets, for
Thunder of cannon, roaring ſmoake and fire,
As if hells maw had vomited confuſion,
The claſh of ſteele, the neighs of barbed Steeds,
Wounds ſpouting blood, townes capering in the ayre,
Caſtles puſhd downe, and Cities plowd with ſwords,
Become great *Guzmans* Oratory beſt,
Who tho victorious, and during life
Muſt be: yet now grants parley to thy ſmiles.

Fut. S'foot, Don, you talke too big, you make her tremble,
Doe you not ſee't imaginarily?
I doe as plainely as you ſaw the death
Of the Auſtrian Bore, ſhe rather heares
Of feaſting then of fighting, take her that way.

Guz. Yes we will feaſt my queene, my empreſſe ſaint,
Shal't taſt no delicates but what are dreſt
With coſtlier ſpices then the Arabian bird
Sweetens her funerall bed with, we will riot
With every change of meates; which may renue
Our blood unto a ſpring, ſo pure, ſo high,
That from our pleaſures ſhall proceede a race
Of ſcepter-bearing princes, who at once
Muſt raigne in every quarter of the globe.

Fut. Can more be ſaid by one that feeds on herring
And garlicke conſtantlie?

Guz. Yes we will feaſt.

Fut. Enough, ſhes taken, and will love you now,
As well in buffe, as your imagin'd bravery,
Your dainty ten times dreſt buffe, with this language
(Bould man of armes) ſhall win upon her, doubt not
Beyond all ſilken puppetry; thinke no more

Of your mockadoes, calaminchaes, quellios,
Pearle larded capes and diamond buttond breeches,
Leave such poore out-side helpes to puling lovers,
Such as *Fulgoso* your weake rivall is,
That starveling braind-companion appeare you
At first (at least) in your owne warlike fashion:
I pray be rul'd, and change not a thred about you.

Guz. The humour takes (for I sir, am a man
Affects not shifts) I will adventure thus.

Fut. Why so you carry her from all the world,
Ime proud my starres designed me out an instrument
In such an hie imploiment.

Guz. gravely spoken,
You may be prowd ont——

Enter Fulgoso, and Piero.

Ful. What is lost is lost,
Money is trash, and Ladies are et cætera's,
Play's play; luck's lucke, fortunes an I know what,
You see the worst of me, and whats all this now?

Pie. A very sparke (I vow) you will be stil'd,
Fulgoso the invincible, but did
The faire *Spinella* loose an equall part
How much in all d'ee say?

Ful. Bare threescore duckets,
Thirty a peece, we neede not care who know it
She plaid, I went her halfe walkd by and whistled
After my usuall manner thus---- unmoved *Whistles.*
As no such thing had ever beene as it were,
Altho I saw the winners share my money
His lordship, and an honest gentleman
Purs'd it, but not so merrily as I
Whistled it off.----- whistles

Pie. A noble confidence.

Fut. Dee note your rivall.

Guz. With contempt I doe.

Ful. I can forgoe things neerer then my gold,

Allyd to my affections, and my bloud;
Yea honour, as it were, with the same kinde.
Of careleſſe confidence, and come off fairely
Too as it were.

PIE. But not your love, *Fulgoſo.*

FUL. No, ſhees inherent, and mine owne paſt looſing.

PIE. It tickles me to thinke with how much ſtate,
You, as it were, did runne at tilt in love
Before your *Ameretta.*

FUL. Broke my lance.

PIE. Of wit, of wit.

FUL. I meane ſo as it were
And laid flat on her backe, both horſe and woman.

PIE. Right as it were.

FUL. What elſe man, as it were.

GUZ. Did you doe this to her, dare you to vant
Your triumph we being preſent? um, ha, um.

Fulgoſo whiſſles the Spaniſh Pavin.

FUT. What thinke you Don, of this brave man?

GUZ. A man?
It is ſome truſſe of reeds, or empty caske,
In which the winde with whiſtling ſports it ſelfe

FUT. Beare up Sir, hees your rivall, budge not from him
An inch, your grounds are honor.

PIE. Stoutly ventured, Don, hold him too't.

FUL. proteſt a fine conceit,
A very fine conceite, and thus I tould her,
That for mine owne part, if ſhee lik'd me, ſo,
If not, no'; for my ducke or do ſaid I,
It is no fault of mine, that I am noble,
Grant it; another may be noble too,
And then wee'r both one noble better ſtil
Habs-nabs good wincke and chooſe, if one muſt have her,
The other goes without her, beſt of all,
My ſpirit is too high, to fight for woman,
I am too full of mercy to be angrie,
A fooliſh generous quality, from which
No might of man can beat I'me, ime reſolvd.

Guz. Haſt thou a ſpirit then ha? ſpeakes thy weapon
Toledo language, Bilbo, or dull Piſa?
If an Italian blade, or ſpaniſh mettall,
Be briefe, we challenge anſwer.
Fut. Famous Don.
Ful. What does he talke? my weapon ſpeakes no language,
Tis a dutch iron trunchion.
Guz. Dutch?
Ful. And if need be,
Twill maule one's hide, in ſpight of who ſaies nay
Guz. Dutch to a Spaniard, hold me.
Ful. Hold mee too
Sirrah if th'art my frind, for I love no fighting,
Yet hold me leaſt in pitty I flie off,
If I muſt fight, I muſt; in a ſcurvie quarrell
I defie hees and ſhees, twit me with dutch?
Hang dutch and french, hang ſpaniſh and Italians,
Chriſtians and Turkes pew-waw; all's one to me,
I know whats what, I know on which ſide
My bread is butterd.
Guz. Butterd? dutch againe?
You come not with intention to affront us.
Ful. Front mee no fronts, if thou beeſt angrie ſquable
Heeres my defence, and thy deſtruction —— whiſtles a charge
If friends ſhake hands, and goe with me to dinner.
Guz. We will embrace the motion, it doth reliſh,
The Cavaleiro treates on termes of honor,
Peace is not to be baulkd on faire conditions.
Fut. Still Don is Don the great.
Pie. He ſhewes the greatneſſe
Of his vaſt ſtomach in the quicke embracement
Of thothers dinner.
Fut. Twas the ready meanes to catch his friendſhip.
Pie. Yare a paire of worthies,
That make the nine no wonder.
Fut. Now ſince fate
Ordaines that one of two muſt be the man,

The man of men which must enjoy alone
Loves darling *Amoretta*, both take liberty
To shew himselfe before her, without crosse
Of interruption, one of tother: he
Whose sacred mystery of earthly blessings
Crownes the pursuit; be happy.

PIE. And till then, live brothers in societie.

GUZ. We are fast.

FUL. *I* vow a match: Ile feast the Don to day
And fast with him to morrow.

GUZ. Faire conditions.

Enter Adurni, Spinella, Amoretta, Castanna.

AD. *Futelli* and *Piero*, follow speedily.

PIE. My Lord we wait yre.

FUT. We shall soone returne. *Exeunt.*

FUL. Whats that? I saw a sound.

GUZ. A voyce for certaine.

FUL. It nam'd a Lord.

GUZ. Here are Lords too, we take it,
We carry blood about us, rich and haughty,
As any the twelve *Cæsars*.

FUL. Gulls or Mogulls,
Tag, rag, or other, Hoger-Mogen vanden
Skip-lacks, or Chouses. Whoo! the brace are flincht,
The paire of shavers are sneakt from us, Don.
Why? what are we?

GUZ. The valiant will stand too't.

FUL. So say I, we will eate and drink, and squander,
Till all doe split againe.

GUZ. March on with greedinesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Martino and Levidolche.

MAR. You cannot answer what a generall tongue
Objects against your folly, I may curse

The interest you lay claime to in my blood,
Your mother my deere neece did d e, I thought
Too soon, but she is happy, had she liv'd;
Till now, and knowne the vanities of your life
Hath dealt in, she had wisht herselfe a grave
Before a timely houre.

LEV. Sir, consider,
My sex, were I mankinde, my sword should quit
A wounded honour, and repreave a name
From injury, by printing on their bosomes
Some deadly Charact r, whose dru ken surfets
Vomit such base aspersions, as I am
Scorne and contempt is vertue: my desert
Stands far above their malice.

MAR.. *Levidolche*, hypocrisie puts on a holy robe,
Yet never changeth nature: call to minde,
How in your girles dayes you fell forsooth
In love, and married, married (harke ye) whom,
A trencher-waiter, shrewd preferment: but
Your childhood then excus'd that fault: for so
Footmen have run away with lusty heires;
And stable-grooms reacht to some fair ones chambers.

LE. Pray let not me be bandied sir, and baffaild
By your intelligence.

MAR. So toucht to the quicke,
Fine mistresse, I will then rip up at length
The progresse of your infancie, in colour
Of disagreement you must be divorc'd,
Were so, and *I* must countenance the reasons
On better hopes *I* did, nay tooke you home,
Provided you my care, nay justified
Your alteration, joyd to entertaine
Such visitants of worth and ranke, as tendred
Civill respects; but then, even then ---

LEV. What then?
Sweet unkle doe not spare me.

MAR. *I* more shame

To feare my hospitality was bawd
And (name it so) to your unchaste desires,
Then you to heare and know it.
LEV. Whose whore am I?
For thats your plainest meaning.
MAR. Were you modest,
The word you utterd last would force a blush.
Adurni is a bounteous Lord, tis sayd,
He parts with gold and jewels like a free
And liberall purchaser, a' wriggles in
To Ladies pleasures by a right of pension;
But you know none of this:
You are growne a Taverne talke,
Matter for Fidlers songs, I toyle to build
The credit of my family, and you
To pluck up the foundation, even this morning
Before the common Councell, young *Malfato*
Convented for some lands he held; suppos'd
Belong'd to certaine Orphans, as I question'd
His tenure in particulars, he answerd,
My worship needed not to flaw his right:
For if the humour held him, he could make
A joynture to my over-living Neece,
Without oppression, bad me tell her too,
She was a kinde young soule, and might in time
Be sued to by a loving man, no doubt.
Here was a jolly breakfast.
LEV. Uncles are priviledged
More than our parents, some wise man in state
Hath rectified, no doubt, your knowledge sir,
Whiles all the policie for publicke businesse,
Was spent --- for want of matter, I by chance
Fell into grave discourse; but by your leave,
I from a strangers table rather wish
To earne my bread, than from a friends by gift,
Be daily subject to unfit reproofes.
MAR. Come, come, to the poynt.

LEV.

LEV. All the curſes
Due to a raviſher of ſober truth,
Dambe up their graceleſſe mouthes.
MAR. Now you turne rampant,
Iuſt in the wenches trimme and garbe, theſe prayers
Speake your devotions purely.
LEV. Sir, alas,
What would you have me do? *I* haue no Orators,
More than my teares, to plead my innocence,
Since you forſake me, and are pleas'd to lend
An open eare againſt my honeſt fame.
Would all their ſpight could harry my contents
Unto a deſperate ruine; Oh deare goodneſſe,
There is a right for wrongs.
MAR. There is, but firſt
Sit in commiſſion on your owne defects,
Accuſe your ſelfe: be your owne Iury, Iudge,
And executioner, *I* make no ſport
Of my vexation.
LEV. All the ſhort remaines
Of undeſired life, ſhall onely ſpeake
Th'extremitie of penance: your opinion
Enjoynes it too.
MAR. Enough; thy teares prevaile
Againſt credulity.
LEV. My miſeries,
As in a glaſſe, preſent me the rent face
Of an unguided youth.
MAR. No more——— *Trelcatio*,
Some buſineſſe ſpeeds you hither.
TREL. Happy newes,
Signior *Martino*, pray your eare; my nephew
Auria hath done brave ſervice: and I heare
(Lets be exceeding private) is returnd
High in the Duke of Florences reſpects,
Tis ſayd, but make no words that a' has ſtrkt
And mumbl'd the roguie-Turkes.

Enter Trelcatio. A letter.

MAR. Why would you know
His merits so unknowne?
TREL. I am not yet
Confirmd at full, withdraw, and you shall read
All what this paper talkes.
MAR. So; *Levidolche*, you know our minde,
Be cheerefull, come *Trelcatio*,
Causes of joy or griefe, do seldome happen
Without companions, neere thy resolutions
Have given an other birth to my contents. *Exit.*
LE. Even so, wise uncle, much good doe ye--- discoverd!
I could flie out, mix vengeance with my love,
Unworthy man *Malfato*, my good Lord
My hot in bloud, rare Lord, growes could too, well
Rise dotage into rage, and sleep no longer;
Affection turned to hatred, threatens mischiefe. *Exit.*

Enter Piero, Amoretta, Futilli, and Castana.

PIE. In the next gallory you may behold
Such living pictures Lady, such rich pieces,
Of Kings, and Queens, and Princes, that you'd think
They breath, and smile upon yee.
AMO. Ha, they crownthes,
Great crownthes oth gold upon their headthes:
PIE. Pure gold,
Drawne all in state.
AMO. How many horthes pray
Are ith their Chariots?
PIE. Sixteene, some twenty.
CAST. My sister wherefore left we her alone?
Where staies she gentlemen?
FUT. Viewing the roomes,
Tis like youle meet her in the gallery.
This house is full of curiosities,
Most fit for Ladies sights.
AMO. Yeth, yeth, the thight

Of printhethes ith a fine thight.

CAST. Good, let us finde her.

PIE. Sweet Ladies this way; see the doores sure. *Exit.*

FUT. Doubt not.

SONG.

Enter Adurni, and Spinella.

PLeasures, Beauty, Youth attend yee.
Whiles the spring of nature lasteth,
Love and melting thoughts attend yee
Use the time, ere winter hasteth.
Active blood, and free delight,
Place and privacie invite.
Doe doe! be kind as faire,
Loose not opportunity for ayre.
She is cruell that denies it,
Bountie best appeares in granting,
Stealth of sport as soone supplies it,
Whiles the dues of love are wanting.
Here's the sweet exchange of blisse,
When each whisper proves a kisse.
In the game are felt no paines,
For in all the looser gaines.

AD. Plead not faire creature without sence of pity
So incompassionatly gainst a service,
In nothing faulty more then pure obedience,
My honours and my fortunes are led captives
In triumph by your all-commanding beauty,
And if you ever felt the power of love,
The rigor of an uncontrouled passion,
The tyrannie of thoughts consider mine,
In some proportion, by the strength of yours,
Thus may you yield and conquer.

SPI. Doe not study
(My Lord) to apparrell folly in the steed
Of costly colours, henceforth cast off farre

Far from your noblest nature, the contempt
Of goodnesse, and be gentler to your fame,
By purchase of a life to grace your story.
AD. Deare, how sweetly
Reproofe droopes from that baulmy spring your breath,
Now could I read a lecture of my griefes
Un-earth a mine of Jewells at your foote,
Command a golden shower to raine downe,
Impoverish every Kingdome of the east,
Which trafficks richest cloathes, and silkes; would you
Vouchsafe one, unspleend chiding to my riot,
Else such a sacrifice can but beget
Suspition of returnes, to my devotion,
In mercenary blessings, for that saint
To whom I vow my selfe, must never want
Fit offerings to her altar.
SPI. *Auria, Auria,*
Fight not for name abroad, but come my husband,
Fight for thy wife at home.
AD. Oh never canke
(Deare crulty) one that is sworne your creature,
Amongst your countries enemies, I use.
No force, but humble words, delivered from
A tongue thats secretarie to my heart.
SPI. How poorely some, tame to their wild desires,
Fawne on abuse of vertue, pray my Lord,
Make not your house my prison.
AD. Grant a freedome, *A noise within.*
To him who is the bondman to your beauty.

Enter Aurelio, Castanna, Amoretta, Futilli, and Piero.

AURE. Keepe backe yee close contrivers of false pleasures,
Or I shall force ye backe --- can it be possible
Lockd up and singly too, chast hospitality
A banquet in a bed-chamber; *Adurni!*
Dishonourable man.

AD.

Ad. What sees this rudeneſſe,
That can broach ſcandall here.
Aure. For you hereafter,
Oh woman, loſt to every brave report,
Thy wronged *Auria* is come home with glory,
Prepare a welcome to uncrowne the greatneſſe
Of his prevailing fates.
Spi. Whiles you belike,
Are furniſhd with ſome newes for entertainement
Which muſt become your friendſhip to be knit
More faſt betwixt your ſoules, by my removall,
Both from his heart and memory.
Ad. Rich conqueſt,
To triumph on a Ladies injur'd fame,
Without a proofe or warrant.
Fut. Have I life Sir,
Faith, Chriſtianity?
Pie. Put me on the rack,
The wheele, or the gallies, if---
Aure. Peace factors,
In merchandiſe of ſcorne, your ſounds are deadly,
Caſtanna, I could pity your conſent
To ſuch ignoble practice, but I finde.
Courſe fortunes eaſily ſeduc'd, and herein
All clayme to goodneſſe ceaſes.
Cast. Uſe your tyranny.
Spi. What reſts behind for mee, out with it.
Aure. Horror,
Becomming ſuch a forfeit of obedience,
Hope not that any falſity in friendſhip
Can palliate a broken faith, it dares not
Leave in thy prayers (fair vow-breaking wanton)
To dreſſe thy ſoule new, whoſe purer whiteneſſe
Is ſullyd by thy change, from truth to folly,
A fearefull ſtorme is hovering, it will fall,
No ſhelter can avoyd it, let the guilty
Sink under their owne ruine. *Exit.*

SPIN. How unmanly
His anger threatens mischiefe!
AMO. Whom, *I* prethee,
Doth the man speake to?
AD. Lady, be not mov'd,
I will stand Champion for your honour, hazard
All what is deerest to me.
SPIN. Mercie heaven!
Champion for me, and *Auria* living? *Auria*?
He lives, and for my guard my innocence
As free as are my husbands clearest thoughts,
Shall keep off vaine constructions, *I* must beg
Your charities; sweet sister, yours to leave me,
I need no fellowes now: let me appeare,
Or mine owne lawyer, or in open court
(Like some forsaken client) in my suit
Be cast for want of honest plea ---- oh misery. *Exit.*
AD. Her resolution's violent, quickly follow,
CAST. By no means (sir) y'aue followed her already,
I feare with too much ill successe in triall,
Of unbecomming courtesies; your welcome
Ends in so sad a farewell.
AD. *I* will stand
The roughnes of th'encounter, like a gentleman,
And wait yee to your homes, what ere befal me. *exeunt.*

Actus tertius.

Enter Fulgoso and Guzman.

FULGOSO.

I Say, Don, brother mine, win her and weare her.
And so will *I*; if't be my lucke to loose her,
I loose a pretty wench, and theres the worst on't.
Guz. Wench said yee, most mechanically? faugh!

VVench is your trull, your blowes, your dowdie, but
(Sir brother) he who names my Queene of love
Without his bonnet vaild, or saying grace,
As at Some paranymphall feast, is rude,
Nor verst in literature, Dame *Amoretta*,
Lo, *I* am sworne thy Champion.
FUL. So am *I* too.
Can as occasion serves, if she turne scurvie,
Vnsweare my selfe again, and nere change colours.
Pish man, the best, though call em, ladies, madames,
Faires, fines, and honies, are but flesh and bloud,
And now and then too, when the fits cõme on 'em,
Will prove themselves but flirts, and tirliry pufkins.
GUZ. Our choler must advance.
FUL. Dost long for a beating?
Shalls try a flash, heres that shall do't: Ile tap
A gallon of thy braines, and fill thy hogshead
With two of wine for't.
Guz. Not in friendship brother,
Ful. Or whistle thee into an ague; hang't,
Be sociable: drinke till we rore and scratch;
Then drinke our selves asleepe agen. The fashion!
Thou dost not know the fashion.
Guz. Her faire eyes,
Like to a paire of pointed beames drawne from
The Sunnes most glorious Orbe, does dazle sight,
Audacious to gaze there; then over those
A severall bow of jet securely twines
In semicircles; under them two bankes
Of roses red and white, divided by
An arch of polisht *Ivorie*, surveying
A temple from whence Oracles proceed,
More gracious than *Apollos*, more desir'd
Than amorous songs of Poets, softly tun'd.
FUL, Hey day, what's this?
Guz. Oh, but those other parts, all ----
FUL. All: Hold there, *I* barre play under boord,

My part yet lies therein; you never saw
The things you wier-draw thus.
Guz. I have dream't
Of every part about her, can lay open
Her severall inches, as exactly (marke it)
As if I had tooke measure with a compasse,
A rule, or yard, from head to foot.
Ful. Oh rare,
And all this in a dreame.
Guz. A very dreame.
Ful. My waking brother Souldier is turnd
Into a sleeping Carpenter or Taylor,
Which goes for halfe a man—— whats he? beare up?
Ben. Death of reputation, the wheele, strappado, gallies,
Racke, are ridiculous fopperies; goblins to
Fright babies: poore lean-sould rogues, they
Will swowne at the scarre of a pinne: one teare
Dropt from their harlots eyes, breeds earth-quakes
In their bones.
Ful. Blesse us, a monster patcht of dagger bumbast,
His eyes like Copper-basons, a' has chang'd
Haire with a shagge dogge.
Guz. Let us then avoyd him,
Or stand upon our guard; the foe approches.
Ben. Cut-throats by the score abroad, come home, and rot in fripperies, brave man at armes. Goe turne pandor doe, stalke for a messe of warme broath: damnable, honourable cuts are but badges for a fool to vaunt, the raw rib'd Apothecarie poysons *cum privilegio*, and is payd. Oh the common-wealth of beasts is most politickly ordered.
Guz. Brother, wee'l keep aloofe, there is no valour
In tugging with a man fiend
Ful. I'd fit him.
It gabbles like I know not what, believe it,
The fellowes a shrewd fellow at a pink.
Ben. Looke else; the Lion roares, and the spaniell fawnes.
Downe Curre, the Badger bribes the Unicorne,

Enter Benatzi as an outlaw. Levidelche above

That

That a Iury may not passe upon his pillage: here the Beare sees the Wolfe, for he will not howle gratis, beasts call pleading howling. So then, there the Horse complaines of the Apes rank-riding: the Jockie makes mouthes, but is fin'd for it: the Stagge is not jeer'd by the Monkie for his hornes: the Asse by the hare for his burthen: The Oxe by the *Leopard* for his yoke, nor the Goat by the Ram, for his beard, onely the Fox wrappes himselfe warme in Bever, bids the Cat mouze, the Elephant toyle, the Boare gather akorns, whiles he grinnes, feeds fat, tells tales, laughes at all, and sleepes safe at the Lions feet. —— Save ye people.

Ful. Why save thee too, if thou beest of heavens making:
What art? --- Feare nothing Don, we have our blades,
Are mettall men our selves, try us who dare.

Guz. Our brother speakes our minde, thinke what you please on't.

Ben. A match: observe well this switch; with this only switch have I pasht out the braines of thirteene Turkes to the dozen for a breakfast.

Ful. What man? tirteen? is't possible thou lyest not?

Ben. *I* was once a Scholler, then I beg'd without pitty: from thence I practiz'd law, there a scruple of conscience popt me over the barre: a Souldier I turnd a while', but could not procure the letter of preferment. Merchant I would bee, and a glut of land-rats gnawd me to the bones; would have bought an office, but the places with reversions were catcht up: offered to passe into the Court, and wanted trust for cloathes; was lastly, for my good parts prest into the Gallies, tooke prisoner, redeemd amongst other slaves by your gay great man, they call him Auria: and am now I know not who, where, or what. How d'ee like me? say.

Ful. A shaver of all trades; what course of life
Doest meane to follow next? ha? speake thy minde.

Guz. Nor be thou daunted fellow: we our selves
Have felt the frownes of fortune in our dayes.

Ben. I want extreamly, exceedingly, hideously.

Le. Take that, enjoy it freely, wisely use it. *Throwes a purse.*
Th'advantage of thy fate, and know the giver. *Exit.*

Ful. Hoy da, a purse in troath wh o dropt, stay, stay,
Vmh; have we gipsies here? oh mine is safe
Ist your purse, brother Don?
Guz. Not mine, I seldome
Weare such unfashionable trash about me.
Ful. Hast any money in it, honest blade?
A bots on empty purses.
Guz. Wee defie them.
Ben. Stand from about me, as you are mortall, you are dull clod-pated lumpes of mire and garbish. This is the land of Fairies, Emperiall Queene of Elves, I do crouch to thee, vow my services, my blood, my sinewes to thee, sweete soveraigne of largesse, and liberality —— a French Taylor neate; Persian Cooke; dainty! Greeke Wines; rich Flanders Mares; stately Spanish Sallads, poynant, Venetian, wanton, ravishing, English Bawd unmatchable sirs I am fitted.
Ful. All these thy followers, miserable pigmies
Prate fence and don't be mad, I like thy humour,
Tis pretty odde, and so as one might say,
I care not greatly if I entertaine thee,
Dost want a master? if thou dost I am for thee
Else choose, and sneake up; pish I scorne to flinch man.
Guz. Forsake not faire advancement, money certes
Will fleet and drop off, like a cozening friend,
Who holds it, holds a slippery Eele byth' tayle,
Unlesse he gripe it fast, be ruld by counsell.
Ben. Excellent, what place shall I be admitted to?
Chamber, wardrobe, cellar, or stable.
Fut. Why one and all, th'art welcome, lets shake hands on't,
Thy name?
Ben. *Parado* Sir
Ful. The great affaires
I shall employ thee most in wilbe newes,
And telling whats a clocke, for ought I know yet.
Ben. It is sir to speake punctually some hour and halfe
Eight three thirds of two seconds of one minute over at most, Sir
Ful. I doe not aske thee now, or if I did

We

We are not much the wiſer, and for newes——

BEN. *Auria*, the fortunate is this day to bee receavd with great ſolemnity at the city counſel houſe, the ſtreetes are already throngd with lookers on.

FUL. Thats well remembred, brother Don let's trudge,
Or we ſhall come too late.

GUZ. By no meanes, brother.

FUL. Waite cloſe my ragged new-come.

BEN. As your ſhaddowes. *Exit.*

Enter Auria, Adurni, Martino, Trelcatio, Aurelio, Piero, and Futilli.

AURI. Your favours with theſe honours, ſpeake your bounties
And tho the low deſerts of my ſucceſſe
Appeare in your conſtructions faire and goodly,
Yet I attribute to a noble cauſe,
Not my abilities, the thankes due to them,
The Duke of Florence hath too highly prizd
My duty in my ſervice, by example,
Rather to cheriſh and encourage vertue,
In ſpirits of action, then to crowne the iſſue
Of feeble undertakings. whiles my life
Can ſtand in uſe I ſhal no longer rate it
In value then it ſtirres to pay that debt,
I owe my countrie for my birth and fortunes.

MART. Which to make good, our ſtate of *Genoa*
Not willing that a native of her owne,
So able for her ſafety, ſhould take penſion
From any other Prince; hath caſt upon you
The government of *Corſica*.

TREL. Addes thereto
Beſides th'allowance yearly due, for ever
To you and to your heires, the full revenew
Belonging to *Savona*; with the office
Of Admirall of *Genoa*.

ADUR. Preſenting

By my hands, from their publique treasury,
A thousand Ducates.

MAR. But they limit only
One moneth of stay, for your dispatch, no more.

FUT. In all your great attempts, may you grow thrifty,
Secure, and prosperous.

PIE. If you please to ranke,
Amongst the humblest one that shall attend
Instructions under your command, I am
Ready to waite the charge.

AURI. Oh still the state
Engageth me her creature with the burthen
Unequall for my weakenesse, to you gentlemen
I will prove friendly honest, of all mindefull.

AD. In memory (my Lord, such is your stile now)
Of your late fortunate exployts, the counsell
Amongst their generall acts, have registred
The great Dukes letters, witnesse of your merit
To stand in characters upon record.

AURI. Load upon load let not my want of modesty
Trespasse against good manners, I must study
Retirement to compose this weighty businesse
And moderately digest so large a plenty.
For feare it swel unto a surfeit.

AD. May *I*
be bould to presse a visit?

AURI. At your pleasure,
Good time of day, and peace,
Oes: health to your Lordship.

AD. What of *Spinella* yet?

FUT. Quite lost no prints,
Or any tongue of tracing her, how ever
Matters are huddled up: *I* doubt my Lord
Her husband carries little peace about him.

AD. fall danger what fall can, she is a goodnesse
Above temptation, more to be ador'd
Then fifted; I'me too blame sure.

FUT.

Fut. *Levidolche*,
For her part too, laughd at *Malfatos* frenzie
(Juſt ſo ſhe termd it) but for you (my Lord)
She ſaid ſhee thankd your charity, which lent
Her crooked ſoule, before it left her body,
Some reſpit, wherein it might learne againe
The means of growing ſtreight.

Ad. Shee has found mercy,
Which I will ſeeke, and ſue for.

Fut. You are happy. *Exit.*

Enter Auria, and Aurelio.

Aur 1. Count of *Savona*, *Genoas* Admirall,
Lord governor of *Corſica*, enrould
A Worthy of my country, ſought and ſu'd to
Praiſ'd, courted, flatterd; ſure this bulke of mine,
Tayles in the ſize a timpany of greatneſſe
Puffes up too monſtrouſly my narrow cheſt,
How ſurely doſt thou malice, theſe extremes,
Vncomfortable man? when I was needy,
Caſt naked on the flats of barren pitty,
Abated to an ebbe ſo low, that boyes
A Cocke-horſe friskd about me, without plunge
You could chat gravely then, in formall tones,
Reaſon moſt paradoxically; now
Contempt and wilful grudge at my uprising
becalmes your learned noyſe.

Aure. Such floriſh *Auria*,
Flies with ſo ſwift a gale, as it will waſt
Thy ſuddaine joyes into a faithleſſe harbor.

Aur 1. Canſt mutter miſchiefe, I obſervd your dulneſſe
Whiles the whole ging crowd to me harke my triumphs
Are eccho'd under every roofe, the ayre
Is ſtreightend with the ſound, there is not roome
Enough to brace them in, but not a thought
Doth pierce into the griefe that cabins heare,

Here through a creeke a little in-let crawles,
A flake no bigger than a fisters threed,
Which sets the region of my heart a fire.
I had a kingdome once, but am depos'd
From all that royaltie of blest content,
by a confederacie twixt love and frailtie.

AURE. glories in publick view, but adde to miserie,
Which travailes in unrest at home.

AURI. At home?
That home *Aurelio* speakes of, *I* have lost,
And which is worse, when I have rowld about,
Toild like a pilgrime, round this globe of earth,
Wearied with care, and over-worne with age,
Lodg'd in the grave, I am not yet at home;
There rots but halfe of me, the other part
Sleeps, heaven knowes where, would she and *I* my wife,
I meane, but what alas talke I of wife,
The woman, would we had together fed
On any out-cast parings, course and mouldy,
Not liv'd divided thus, I could have beg'd
For both, for 't had been pitty she should ever
Have felt so much extremitie.

AURE. This is not
Patience requir'd in wrongs of such vile nature,
You pittie her, thinke rather on revenge.

AURI. Revenge! for what? (uncharitable friend)
On whom? lets speake a little pray with reason,
You found *Spinella* in *Adurnies* house,
Tis like a' gave her welcome very likely,
Her sister and another with her, so
Invited, nobly done; but he with her
Privatly chamberd, he deserves no wife
Of worthy qualitie, who dares not trust
Her vertue in the proofes of any danger.

AURE. But I broke ope the doores upon em.

AURI. Marry, it was a slovenly presumption,
And punishable by a sharpe rebuke.

I tell you sir, I in my younger growth,
Have by the stealth of privacie enjoyd
A Ladies closet, where to have prophan'd
That shrine of chastitie and innocence,
With one unhallowed word, would have exild
The freedome of such favour into scorne.
Had any he alive then venture'd there,
With foule construction, *I* had stampt the justice
Of my unguiltie truth upon his heart.

AURE. *Aburni* might have done the like, but that
The conscience of his fault in coward blood,
blusht at the quick surprisall.

AURI. O fie, fie.
How ill some argue in their sowre reproofe,
Against a partie liable to law:
For had that Lord offended with that creature,
Her presence would have doubled every strength
Of man in him, and justified the forfeit
Of noble shame, else twas enough in both
With a smile onely to correct your rudenesse.

AURE. Tis well you make such use of neighbours courtesie,
Some kinde of beasts are tame, and hug their injuries:
Such way leads to a fame too.

AURI. Not uncivilly, though violently, friend.

AURE. Wherefore then, thinke yee,
Can she absent her selfe, if she be blameless?
You grant of course, your triumphs are proclaim'd,
And *I* in person told her your returne.
Where lies she hid the while?

AURI. That rests for answer
In you, now I come t'ee, vve have exchang'd
bosomes, *Aurelio*, from our yeares of childhood,
Let me acknovvledge vvith vvhat pride *I* ovvne
A man so faithfull, honest, fast, my friend:
He vvhom if *I* speake fully, never faild
by teaching trust to me, to learne of mine,
I vvisht my selfe thine equall; if I aymd

A wrong, twas in an envie of thy goodneſſe,
So dearly witneſſe with me my integritie,
I layd thee up to heart, that from my love,
My wife was but diſtinguiſht in her ſex,
Give back that holy ſignature of friendſhip,
Canceld, defac'd, pluckt off, or *I* ſhall urge,
Accounts ſcor'd on the tally of my vengeance,
Without all former complements.

AURE. D'ee imagine
I fawne upon your fortunes, or intrude
Upon the hope of bettering my eſtate,
That you caſhiere me at a minutes warning?
No, *Auria*, *I* dare vie with your reſpects,
Put both into the ballance, and the poyſe
Shall make a ſetled ſtand, perhaps the proffer,
So frankly vowd at your departure firſt
Of ſetling me a partner in your purchaſe,
Leads you into opinion of ſome ends
Of mercenary falſhood, yet ſuch wrong
Leſt ſuites a noble ſoule.

AURI. By all my ſorrowes,
The mention is too courſe.

AURE. Since then th'occaſion
Preſents our diſcontinuance, uſe your libertie:
For my part I am reſolute to die
The ſame my life profeſt me.

AURI. Piſh, your faith
Was never in ſuſpition; but conſider,
Neither the *Lord* nor Lady, nor the bawd,
Which ſhuffled them together, opportunitie
Have faſtned ſtaine on my unqueſtion'd name,
My friends raſh indiſcretion was the bellowes
Which blew the cole now kindled to a flame,
Will light his ſlander to all wandring eyes.
Some men in giddie zeale ore-doe that office
They catch at, of whoſe number is *Aurelio*:
For *I* am certaine, certaine it had beene

Impoſſible

Impossible, had you stood wisely silent,
but my *Spinella*, trembling on her knee,
Would have accusd her breach of truth, have bg'd
A speedy execution on her trespasse,
Then with a justice lawfull as the magistrates,
Might I have drawne my sword against *Adurni*,
Which now is sheathed and rusted in the scabberd;
Good thankes to yonr cheape providence, once more
I make demand --- my wife --- you --- sir.

AURE. Roare lowder
The noyse affrights not me, threaten your enemies,
And prove a valiant tongue man --- now must follow,
by way of method, the exact condition
Of rage which runnes to mutinie in friendship.
Auria come on, this weapon lookes not pale
At sight of that againe heare and believe it,
What I have done, was well done and well meant;
Twenty times over, were it new to doe.
I de doo't and doo't, and boast the paines religious;
Yet since you shake me off, I slightly value
Other severity.

AURI. Honor and duty
Stand my compurgators, never did passion
Purpose ungentle usage of my sword,
Against *Aurelio*, let me rather want
My hands, nay friend, a heart then ever suffer
Such dotage enter here, if I must loose
Spinella, let me not proceed to misery,
by loosing my *Aurelio*, we through madnesse,
Frame strange conceirs, in our discoursing braines,
And prate of things as we pretend they were,
Joyne helpe to mine (good man) and let us listen
After this straying soule, and till we finde her,
beare our discomfort quietly.

AURE. So doubtlesse,
She may be soone discoverd.

AURI. Thats spoake chearefully.

Why theres a friend now, — *Auria* and *Aurelio*
At oddes oh't cannot be, must not, and shanot — *Enter Castanna.*
But looke *Castanna* here, — welcome faire figure
Of a choice Jewel, lockd up in a cabinet,
More pretious then the publique view should fully.
CAST. Sir how you are informd, or on what termes
Of prejudice against my course, or custome,
Opinion swaies your confidence, I know not
Much anger, if my feares perswade not falsely,
Sits on this gentlemans sterne brow, yet sir,
If an unhappy maids word may finde credit,
As I wish harme to no body on earth,
So would all good folkes may wish none to me.
AURI. None does sweete sister.
CAST. If they doe, deare heaven
Forgive them is my prayer, but perhaps,
You might conceave (and yet methinkes you shold not)
How I am faulty in my sisters absence,
Indeed tis nothing so, nor was I knowing
Of any private speech my Lord intended,
Save civill entertainement, pray what hurt
Can fall out in discourse, if it be modest?
Sure noble men will shew that they are such
With those of their owne ranke, and that was all
My sister can be charg'd with.
AURI. Ist not friend, an excellent maide?
AURE. Deserves the best of fortunes;
I ever spoke her vertuous.
CAST. With your leave,
You usd most cruell language to my sister,
Enough to fright her wits, not very kinde
To me my selfe, she sighd when you were gone,
Desird no creature else should follow her;
And in good truth, I was so full of weeping,
I markd not well which way shee went.
AURI. Staid she not
Within the house then?

CAST.

CAST. Lasse not she —— *Aurelio*
Was passing rough.
AURI. Strange! no where to be found out.
CAST. Not yet, but on my life, ere many howers,
I shall heare from her.
AURI. Shalt thou? worthy maide,
Thast brought to my sicke heart a cordiall —— friend
Good newes —— most sweete *Castanna.*
AURE. May it prove so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Benatzi as before.

BEN. The paper in the purse for my directions appoynted this the place, the time now, here dance I attendance —— shee is come already. *Enter Levidolche.*

LE. Parado, so I over heard you nam'd.

BEN. A mushrome sprung up in a minute, by the sun-shine of your benevolent grace, liberality and hospitable compassion (most magnificent beauty) have long since lyen bed-rid in the ashes of the old world till now, your illustrious charity hath rak'd up the dead embers by giving life to a worm inevitably devoted yours as you shall please to new shape mee.

LE. A gratefull man (it seemes) where gratitude
Has harbor; other furniture becomming
Accomplish'd qualities must needs inhabit,
What country claimes your birth?

BEN. None, I was borne at sea, as my mother was in passage from cape *Ludugory* to cape Clagliary toward Affrick in Sardinia, was bred up in Aquilastro, and at yeares put my selfe in service under the Spanish Viceroy: till I was taken prisoner by the Turkes. I have tasted in my daies hansome store of good and bad, and am thankefull for both.

LE. You seeme the issue then of honest parents.

BEN. Reputed no lesse: many children oftentimes inherit their lands who peradventure never begot them: my mothers husband was a very old man at my birth, but no man is too old to father his wives childe, your servant I am sure I will ever prove my selfe entirely.

Le. Dare you be secret?
Ben. Yes.
Le. And suddaine.
Ben. Yes.
Lev. But withall, sure of hand, and spirit.
Ben. Yes, yes, yes.
Le. I use not many words, the time prevents 'em,
A man of quality has rob'd mine honour.
Ben. Name him.
Le. *Adurni.*
Ben. A' shall bleed.
Le. *Malfato* contemn'd my proffered love.
Ben. Yoake 'em in death —— whats my reward?
Le. Propose it, and enjoy it.
Ben. You for my wife.
Le. Ha!
Ben. Nothing else, deny mee.
And ile betray your counsells to your ruine;
Else doe the feate courageously --- consider.
Le. I doe dispatch the taske I have enjoyn'd,
Then claime my promise.
Ben. No such matter, pretty one,
Weele marry first —— or ----- farewell.
Le. Stay, examine
From my confession what a plague thou draw'st
Into thy bosome, tho I blush to say it,
Know I have without sence of shame, or honour,
Forsooke a lawfull marriage bed, to dally
Betweene *Adurnis* armes.
Ben. This Lords.
Le. The same; more not content with him I courted,
A newer pleasure, but was there refus'd by him I nam'd so late.
Ben. *Malfato.*
Le. Right, am henceforth resolutely bent to print
My follies on their hearts, then change my life
For some rare pennance, canst thou love me now?
Ben. Better I doe believe tis possible you may mend,

All

All this breakes off no bargain.

Le. Accept my hand, with this a faith as constant
As vowes can urge, nor shall my haste prevent
This contract, which death only must divorce.

Ben. Settle the time.

Le. Meete here to morrow night,
We wil determine further, as behoves us.

Ben. How is my new love call'd?

Le. *Levidolche*, be confident, I bring a worthy portion;
But you'l flie off.

Ben. Not I, by all thats noble,
A kisse---farewell----deare fate. *Exit.*

Le. Love is sharpe sighted
And can pierce through the cunning of disguises,
False pleasures I casheere ye, faire truth welcome. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Malfato, and Spinella.

Malfato.

HEre you are safe, (sad cosen) if you please
May over-say the circumstance of what
You late discourst, mine eares are gladly oper,
For I my selfe am in such hearty league
With solitary thoughts, that pensive language
Charmes my attention.

Spi. But my husbands honours,
By how much more in him they sparkle cleerly
by so much more they tempt beliefe to credit
The wrack and ruine of my injur'd name.

Mal. Why cosen should the earth cleave to the rootes,
The seas and heavens be mingled in disorder,
Your purity with unaffrighted eyes
Might waite the uproare, tis the guilty trembles

At horrors, not the innocent, you are cruell
In censuring a libertie allowd.
Speake freely, gentle cousin, was *Auria*
Importunately wanton?
SPI. In excesse
Of entertainment, else not.
MAL. Not the boldnesse
Of an uncivill courtship.
SPI. What that meant,
I never understood, *I* have at once
Set barres between my best of earthly joyes,
And best of men, so excellent a man
As lives without comparison, his love
To me was matchlesse.
MAL. Yet put case, sweet cousin,
That I could name a creature, whose affection
Followd your *Auria* in the height: affection
To you; even to *Spinella*, true and setled,
As ever *Auria's* was, can, is, or will be.
You may not chide the storie.
SPI. Fortunes minions
Are flattered, not the miserable.
MAL. Listen to a strange tale, which thus the authour sigh'd,
A kinsman of *Spinella* (so it runnes)
Her fathers sisters sonne, some time before
Auria the fortunate possest her beauties,
Became inamor'd of such rare perfections,
As she was stor'd with, fed his idle hopes
With possibilities of lawfull conquest,
Propos'd each difficultie in pursuit
Of what his vaine supposall stil'd his owne,
Found in the argument one onely flaw
Of conscience, by the nearnesse of their bloods,
Unhappy scruple, easily dispenc'd with,
Had any friends advice resolv'd the doubt.
Still on a' lov'd, and lov'd, and wisht, and wisht,
Eft-soone began to speake, yet soone broke off,

And

And still the fondling durst not, cause a' durst not.

SPI. Twas wonderfull,

MAL. Exceeding wonderfull,
Beyond all wonder, yet tis knowne for truth,
After her marriage, when remaind not ought
Of expectation to such fruitlesse dotage.
His reason then, now, then could not reduce
The violence of passion, tho a' vowd
Never to unlock that secret, scarce to her,
Herselfe, *Spinella*, and withall resolv'd,
Not to come neare her presence, but to avoyd
All opportunities how ever proffered.

SPI. An understanding duld by th'infelicitie
Of constant sorrow, is not apprehensive
In pregnant noveltie, my eares receive
The words you utter, cousin, but my thoughts
Are fastned on another subject.

MAL. Can you embrace, so like a darling, your owne woes,
And play the tyrant with a partner in them?
Then *I* am thankfull for advantange, urg'd
By fatall and enjoynd necessitie,
To stand up in defence of injur'd vertue,
Will against any, *I* except no qualitie,
Maintaine all supposition misapplied,
Unhoneſt, false, and villanous.

SPI. Deare cousin, as y'are a gentleman,

MAL. Ile blesse that hand,
Whose honourable pittie seales the pasport
For my incessant turmoyles, to their rest.
If *I* prevaile, (which heaven forbid) these ages
VVhich shall inherit ours, may tell posteritie
Spinella had *Malfato* for a kinsman,
By noble love made jealous of her fame.

SPI. No more, I dare not heare it.

MAL. All is sayd:
Henceforth shall never syllable proceed,
From my unpleasant voyce, of amorous folly——

Enter Castanna.

CAS.

CAST. Your ſummons warn'd me hither, I am come
Siſter, my ſiſter twas an unkinde part,
Not to take me along w'ee.
MAL. Chide her for it,
Caſtanna, this houſe is as freely yours,
As ever was your fathers.
CAST. we conceave ſo,
Tho your late ſtrangeneſſe hath bred mervaile in us,
But wherefore, ſiſter, keepes your ſilence diſtance?
Am I not welcome t'ee?
SPI. Lives *Auria* ſafe?
Oh prithee doe not heare me call him husband,
before thou canſt reſolve what kinde of wife
His fury termes the runne away, ſpeake quickely,
Yet doe not ſtay *Caſtanna*, I am loſt,
His friend hath ſet before him a bad woman,
And hee, good man, believes it.
CAST. Now in truth----
SPI. Hold, my heart trembles, I perceive thy tongue
Is great with ills and haſtes to be delivered,
I ſhould not uſe *Caſtanna* ſo, firſt tell me,
Shortly and truely tell me how he does.
CAST. In perfect health.
SPI. For that my thankes to heaven.
MAL. The world hath not another wife like this,
Coſen you will not heare your ſiſter ſpeake,
So much your paſſion rules.
SPI. Even what ſhe pleaſes: goe on *Caſtanna*.
CAST. Your moſt noble husband
Is deafe to all reports, and only grieves
At his ſoules love, *Spinellas* cauſeleſſe abſence.
MAL. Why looke ye coſen now?
SPI. Indeede.
CAST. Will value no counſel, takes no pleaſure in his greatneſſe,
Neither admits of likelyhood at all,
That you are living: if you were hee's certaine
It were impoſſible you could conceale

Your

Your welcomes to him, being all one with him,
But as for jealousie of your dishonor,
Hee both laughes at and scornes it.

SPI. Does a'.

MAL. Therein he shewes himselfe desertfull of his happinesse,

CAST. Methinks the newes should cause some motion sitter.
You are not well.

MAL, Not well.

SPI. I am unworthy.

MAL. Of whom? what? why?

SPI. Goe cosen, come *Castanna*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Trelcatio, Piero, and Futilli.

TREL. The state in counsel is already set,
My comming will bee late; now therfore gentlemen,
This house is free as your intents are sober,
Your paines shall be accepted.

FUT. Mirth sometimes falls into earnest signior.

PIE. Wee for our parts aime at the best.

TREL. You wrong your selvs & me else, good successe t'ee. *Exit.*

PIE. *Futilli* tis our wisest course to follow
Our pastime with discretion, by which meanes
Wee may ingratiate as our businesse hits,
Our undertakings to great *Aurias* favour.

FUT. I grow quite weary of this lazie custome
Attending on the fruitlesse hopes of service,
For meate and ragges, a wit, a shrewd preferment
Study some scurrill jests, grow old and beg
No let em be admir'd that love foule linnen.
Ile runne a new course.

PIE. Get the coyne we spend,
And knocke 'em ore the pate who jeers our earnings--

FUT. Husht man, one suiter comes. *Musicke.*

PIE. The tother followes. *Enter Amoretta.*

FUT. Be not so lowd —— here comes *Madona* sweete lips.

Mithtreth, inthooth for thooth, will lithpe it to uth.

AMO. Dentlemen then ye ith thith muthicke youth, or can ye tell what great manths fidleth, made it tith vedee petty noyth, but who thold thend it.

PIE. does not your ſelfe know Lady.

AMO. I doe not uth
To thpend lip labour upon quethtionths,
That I my thelfe can anthwer.

FUT. No ſweet madam,
Your lips are deſtind to a better uſe,
Or elſe the proverbe failes of liſping maids.

AMO. Kithing you mean pey come behind with your mockths then,
My lipthes will therve the one to kith the other----
How now whath neckt?

SONG.

VVHat hoe we come to be merry,
Open the doores a Joviall crew,
Luſty boyes and free, and very,
Very, very luſty boys are wee,
We can drinke till all looke blew,
Dance ſing and roare,
Never give ore.
As long as we have nere an eye to ſee
Pithee, pithee, leths come in,
One thall all ouafavous win,
Dently, dently, we thall paſſe,
None kitheth like the lithping laſſe.

PIE. What call yee this a ſong?

AMO. Yeth a delithious thing, and wondroth pretty,

FUT. A very country catch--doubtleſſe ſome prince
Belike hath ſent it to congratulate
Your nights repoſe.

AMO. Thinke ye tho thignior,

It muth be then thome unknowne obthcure printh
That thuns the light.

PIE. Perhaps the prince of darkeneſſe.

AMO. Of darkeneth what ith he?

FUT. A courtier matchleſſe
A' woes, and wins, more beauties to his love
Then all the kings on earth. *Enter Fulgoſo.*

AMO. Whea thandeth hith court pey ——

FUT. This gentleman approaching I preſume,
Has more relation to his court then I,
And comes in time t'informe ye.

AMO. Thinck ye tho: ime thure you know him,

PIE. Lady youl perceave it.

FUL. She ſeemes in my firſt entrance to admire me,
Proteſt ſhe eyes me round; *Fulg.* ſhees is thine owne.

PIE. Noble *Fulgoſo.*

FUL. Did you heare the muſique?
Twas I that brought it, was't not tickling? ah ha

AMO. Pay what pinth thent it.

FUL. Prince, no Prince but we,
We ſet the ditty and compoſd the ſong,
Theres nos a note or foote in't, but our owne,
And the pure trodden morter of this braine,
We can doe things and things.

AMO. Doo'd thing't youa thelſe then.

FUL. Nay, nay, I could never ſing
More then a gib cat, or a very howler,
But you ſhall heare me whiſtle it.

AMO. Thith thingth thome jethter,
Thure he belongth unto the printh of darkneth.

PIE. Yes, and ile tell you what his office is,
His Prince delights himſelfe exceedingly
In birds of divers kindes, this gentleman
Is keeper and inſtructer of his black-birds, he tooke his skill firſt from his fathers carter.

AMO. Tith wonderfull to thee by what thrange meanes
Thome men are raiſd to plathes.

Ful. I doe heare you,
And thanke ye heartily for your good wills,
In setting forth my parts, but what I live on,
Is simple trade of money from my lands.
Hang sharkes, I am no shifter.
Amo. Ith pothible ---- *Enter Guzman.*
Bleth uth whoth thith?
Fut. Oh it is the man of might.
Guz. May my addresse to beauty lay no scandall
Upon my martiall honour, since even *Mars*
Whom as in war, in love I imitate,
Could not resist the shafts of *Cupid*, therefore
As with the god of Warre, I deigne to stoop.
Lady vouchsafe loves goddesse like to yield
Your fairer hand unto these lips, the portalls
Of valiant breath, that hath ore-turnd an army.
Amo. Fay'a weather, keepe me, what a thorme ith thith?
Fut. Oh Don keepe off at further distance yet
A little farther, doe you not observe
How your strong breath hath terrifyd the Lady?
Guz. Ile stop the breath of war and breath as gently
As a perfum'd paire of sucking bellowes
In some sweete Ladies chamber, for I can
Speake Lyon-like, or sheepe like, when I please.
Fut. Stand by then, without noise a while brave Don
And let her only view your parts, they'le take her.
Guz. Ile publish them in silence.
Pie. Stand you there
Fulgoso the magnificent.
Ful. Heare?
Pie. Just there,
Let her survey you both; youle be her choyce
Nere doubt it, man.
Fut. I cannot doubt it, man.
Pie. But speake not till I bid you.
Ful. I may whistle.
Pie. A little to your selfe, to spend the time.

Amo

AMO. Both foolth you thay.
FUT. But heare them for your sport.
PIE. Don shal begin,—begin Don, she has surveyd
Your outwards and your inwards through the rents,
And wounds of your apparell.
GUZ. She is politicke,
My out-side Lady shrowds a prince obscurd;
AMO. I thanke ye for your muthicke printh.
GUZ. My words
Are musique to her.
AMO. The muthicke and the thong
You thent me by thith whithling thing, your man?
GUZ. She tooke him for my man, love thou wert just.
FUL. I wonot hould, his man, tis time to speake
Before my time, oh scurvy, I his man?
That has no meanes for meat or ragges, and seame-rents.
GUZ. Have I with this one rapier.
PIE. He has no other.
GUZ. Past through a field of pikes, whose heads I lopt
As easily as the bloody minded youth
Lopt off the poppy heads.
FUL. The puppit heads.
GUZ. Have I ___ have I —— have I?
FUL. Thou lyest thou hast nor,
And ile mayn't.
GUZ. Have I --- but let that passe,
For tho my famous acts were damb'd to silence,
Yet my discent shall crowne me thy superior.
AMO. That I would lithen to.
GUZ. Lift and wonder,
My great, great Grandsir was an ancient Duke,
Stild *Dis? vir di Gonzado.*
FUT. Thats in Spanish
An incorrigible rogue, without a fellow,
An unmatchd rogue, he thinkes we understand not.
GUZ. So was my grandfather height Argozile.
FUL. An arrant, arrant theefe leader, pray mocke it.

Guz. My grandsire by the mothers side a Condee,
Condee Scrivano.
Fut. A crop-eard Scrivener.
Guz. Whose son, my mothers father was a Marquis,
Huio di puto.
Pie. Thats the sonne of a whore.
And my renowned sire Don *Piccaco*.
Fut. In proper sence a rascall — O brave Don.
Guz. *Huio di una pravado* ---
Pie. A' goes on,
Son of a branded bitch--- high spirited Don,
Guz. Had honors both by sea and land, to wit.
Fut. The Gallies and Bride-well.
Ful. Ile not endure it,
To heare a canting mungrell---- Heare me lady,
Guz. Tis no faire play.
Ful. *I* care not faire or foule,
I from a King derive my pedigree,
King *Oberon* by name, from whom my father
The mightie and couragious *Mounti-banco*,
Was lineally descended, and my mother
(In right of whose blood, *I* must ever honor
The lower Germany) was a *Harlekine*.
Fut. He blow up
The Spaniard presently by his mother side.
Ful. Her father was Grave *Hans van Herne*, the son
Of Hogen Mogen, dat de droates did sneighen
Of veirteen hundred Spaniards in one neict.
Guz. Oh Diabolo.
Ful. Ten thousand Divels, nor Diabolos
Shall fright me from my pedigree, my uncle
Iacob van Flagon drought, with *Abraham* Snorten fert
And yongster Brogen foh with fourscore hargubush,
Manag'd by well-lin'd Butter-boxes, tooke
A thousand Spanish Iobber-nowles by surprise,
And beat a sconce about their eares.
Guz. My furie

Is now but justice on thy forfeit life. *Drawes.*
AMO. Lath they thall not fight.
FUT. Feare not, sweet *Lady.*
PIE. Be advisd great spirits.
FUL. My fortunes bid me to be wise in duels,
Else hang't, who cares?
GUZ. Mine honour is my tutour,
Already try'd and knowne.
FUT. Why there's the poynt,
Mine honour is my tutour too, Noble men
Fight in their persons, scorn't, tis out of fashion,
Theres none but hare-brain'd youths of metall use it.
PIE. Yet put not up your swords, it is the pleasure
Of the faire Lady, that you quit the field,
With brandisht blades in hand.
FUT. And more to shew
your suffering valour, as her equall favours,
you both should take a competence of kickes.
AMBO. How?
FUT. PIE. Thus and thus, away you brace of stinkards,
FUL. Pheugh, as it were.
GUZ. Why since it is her pleasure, I dare and will endure it.
FUL. Pheugh.
PIE. Away, but stay below.
FUT. Budge not, *I* charge yee,
Till you have further leave.
GUZ. Mine honour claimes
The last foot in the field.
FUL. Ile lead the van then. *Exit.* *Enter Trelcatio.*
FUT. yet more, be gone, are not these pretious suiters ---
TREL. What tumults fright the house?
FUT. *A* brace of Castrels,
That flattered sir, about this lovely game
your daughter, but they durst not give the souze
And so tooke hedge.
PIE. Mee Haggards, Buzzards, Kites.
AMO. Ith korne, thuch trumpe and will thape my luffe,

Henth

Henth forth ath thall my father becht direct me.

TREL. Why now thou ſingſt in tune, my *Amoretta*,
And my good friends, you have likewiſe Phyſitians,
Preſcrib'd a healthfull dyet, *I* ſhall thinke on
A bounty for your paines, and will preſent yee
To noble *Auria*: ſuch as your deſcents
Commend, but for the preſent we muſt quit
This roome to privacie: they come——

AMO. Nay predee,
Leave me not Gentlemen.

FUT. We are your ſervants. *exeunt.*

Enter Auria, Adurni, and Aurelio,

AURI. Y'are welcome, be aſſur'd you are, for proofe,
Retrive the boldneſſe (as you pleaſe to terme it)
Of viſit to commands, if this mans preſence
Be not of uſe, diſmiſſe him.

ADUR. Tis (with favour)
Of conſequence my Lord, your friend may witneſſe
How farre my reputation ſtands ingag'd
To noble reconcilement.

AURI. I obſerve
No partie here amongſt us, who can challenge
A motion of ſuch honour.

ADUR. Could your lookes
Borrow more cleare ſeveritie and calmneſſe,
Than can the peace of a compoſed ſoule;
Yet *I* preſume, report of my attempt
(Train'd by a curioſity in youth)
For ſcattering clouds before 'em, hath raiſ'd tempeſts
Which will at laſt break out.

AURI. Hid now (moſt likely)
I'th darkneſſe of your ſpeech.

AURE. you may be plainer.

ADUR. *I* ſhall my Lord, that *I* intended wrong,

AURI. Ha? wrong? to whom?

ADUR. To *Auria*, and as farre

As

As language could prevaile, did——
Aur 1. Take advice,
(Young Lord) before thy tongue betray a secret
Conceald yet from the world; heare and consider
In all my flight of vanitie and giddinesse,
VVhen scarce the wings of my excesse were fledg'd,
VVhen a distemperature of youthfull heat,
Might have excus'd disorder and ambition,
Even then, and so from thence till now the down
Of softnesse is exchang'd for plumes of age,
Confirm'd and hardned, never durst *I* pitch
On any howsoever likely rest,
VVhere the presumption might be consterd wrong,
The word is hatefull, and the sence wants pardon:
For as I durst not wrong the meanest, so
He who but onely aimd by any boldnesse,
A wrong to me, should finde I must not beare it,
The one is as unmanly as the other.
Now without interruption.
Adur. Stand *Aurelio*,
And justifie thine accusation boldly,
Spare me the needlesse use of my confession,
And having told no more, then what thy jealousie
Possest thee with againe before my face,
Vrge to thy friend the breach of hospitalitie
Adurni trespast in, and thou conceavst
Against Spinella; why proofes grow faint,
If barely not suppos'd, Ile answere guilty.
Aure. You come not here to brave us.
Adur. No *Aurelio*.
But to reply upon that brittle evidence,
To which thy cunning never shall rejoyne.
I make my Iudge my Iurie, be accountant
VVhither withall the eagernesse of spleene
Of a suspitious rage can plead, thou hast
Enforc'd the likelihood of scandall.
Aure. Doubt not

But that I have deliverd honeſt truth,
As much as I believe, and juſtly witneſſe.
ADUR. Looſe grounds to raiſe a bulwarke of reproach on,
And thus for that; my errand hither is not
In whining trewant-like ſubmiſſion,
To cry I have offended, pray forgive me,
I will doe ſo no more: but to proclaime
The power of vertue, whoſe commanding ſoveraignty,
Sets bounds to rebell-bloods, and checke reſtraines,
Cuſtome of folly by example teaches
A rule to reformation; by rewards,
Crownes worthy actions, and invites to honour.
AURE. Honour and worthy actions, beſt beſeeme
Their lips who practice both, and not diſcourſe 'em.
AURI. Peace, peace, man, I am ſilent.
ADUR. Some there are,
And they not few in number, who reſolve
No beauty can be chaſte, leſſe unattempted;
And for becauſe the liberty of courtſhip
Flies from the wanton, on the her comes next,
Meeting oft times, too many ſoon ſeduced,
Conclude, all may be won by gifts, by ſervice,
Or complements of vowes; and with this file
I ſtood in ranke, conqueſt ſecurd my confidence,
Spinella (ſtorme not *Auria*) was an object
Of ſtudy for fruition; here I angled
Not doubting the deceipt could finde reſiſtance.
AURE. After confeſſion followes ——
AURI. Noyſe obſerve him.
ADUR. Oh ſtrange: by all the comforts of my hopes
I found a woman good; a woman good,
Yet as I wiſh beliefe, or doe deſire
A memorable mention, ſo much majeſty
Of humbleneſſe, and ſcorne, appeard at once
In faire, in chaſt, in wiſe *Spinellas* eyes,
That I grew dull in utterance, and one frowne
From her, could every flame of ſenſuall appetite.

AURI.

AURI. On sir and doe not stop.
ADUR. Without protests,
I pleaded meerely love, usd not a sillable,
But what a virgin might without a blush,
Have listned to, and not well arm'd have pittied,
But she neglecting, cry'd come *Auria*, come
Fight for thy wife at home, then in rushd you sir
Talkd in much fury, parted, when as soone
The Lady vanishd, after her the rest.
AURI. What followd?
ADUR. My commission on mine errour,
In execution whereof I have prov'd
So punctually severe, that I renounce
All memory, not to this one fault alone
But to my other greater, and more irksome,
Now he who ever ownes a name, that consters
This repetition, the report of feare.
Of falshood, or impostur, let him tell me
I give my selfe the lye, and I will cleare
The injury, and man to man, or if
Such justice may prove doubtfull, two to two,
Or three to three, or any way reprieve
Th' opinion of my forfeit, without blemish.
AURI. Who can you thinke I am? did you expect
So great a tamenesse as you finde, *Adurni*,
That you cast lowd defiance? say —
ADUR. I have rob'd you
Of rigor (*Auria*) by my strict self-penance,
For the presumption.
AURI. Sure *Italians* hardly
Admit dispute in questions of this nature,
The tricke is new.
ADUR. I finde my absolution,
By vowes of change from all ignoble practice.
AURI. Why looke ye frind, I tould you this before
You would not be perswaded, --- let me thinke.
AURE. You doe not yet deny that you solicited

The Lady to ill purpose.
ADUR. I have answerd,
But it returnd much quiet to my minde,
Perplext with rare commotions.
AURI. Thats the way
It smoothes all rubs.
AURE. My Lord.
AURI. Foh I am thinking
You may talke forward, if it take tis cleare
And then and then, and so and so.
ADUR. You labour with curious engins sure,
AURI. Fine ones, I take ye
To be a man of credit —— else,
ADUR. Suspition is needlesse, know me better.
AURI. Yet you must not part from me sir.
ADUR, For that your pleasure.
AUR. Come fight for thy wife at home my *Auria*—yes
We can fight my *Spinella*, when thine honor
Relies upon a Champion —— now. *Enter Trelcatio.*
TREL. My Lord
Castanna with her sister, and *Malfato*
Are newly enterd.
AURI. Be not lowd; convey them
Into the gallery—— *Aurelio*, friend
Adurni Lord, we three will sit in counsell
And peece a hearty league, or scuffle shrewdly. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Martino, Benatzi, and Levidolche.

MARTINO.

RUffian out of my doores, thou comst to rob me,
An officer, what ho! my house is haunted
By a lewd packe of theeves, of harlots, murtherers,

Rogues,

Rogues, vagabonds, I foster a decoy here,
And she trowles on her ragged customer,
To cut my throat for pillage.
Lev. Good sir heare me,
Ben. Heare or not heare, let him rave his lungs out,
Whiles this woman hath abode under this roofe,
I will justifie my selfe her bedfellow in despight
Of deniall, in despight, those are my words.
Mar. Monstrous! why sirrah, do I keepe a bawdy-house,
An hospitall for pandors? Oh thou monster,
Thou she-confusion! are you growne so rampant,
That from a privat wanton thou proclaimst thy selfe
A baggage for all gamesters, Lords or Gentlemen,
Strangers, or home-spun yeomen, foot-posts, pages,
Rorers or hangmen, hey day, set up shop,
And then cry a market open, toot, and welcome.
Lev. This is my husband.
Mar. Husband!
Ben. Husband naturall, I have married her,
And whats your verdict on the match signior?
Mar. Husband, and married her!
Lev. Indeed tis truth.
Mar. A proper joyning, give ye joy great mistresse,
Your fortunes are advanc'd, marry are they,
What joynture is assur'd pray? some three thousand
A yeare in oathes and vermine? faire preferment.
Was ever such a tatterd ragge of mans flesh,
Patch'd up for Copesmate to my Neeces daughter.
Le. Sir, for my mothers name forbeare this anger,
If I have yoak'd my selfe beneath your wishes,
Yet is my choyce a lawfull one, and I
Will live as truly chaste unto his bosome,
As ere my faith hath bound me.
Mar. A sweet couple.
Ben. We are so, for mine owne part, however my out-side
Appeare ungay, I have wrastled with death,
Signior *Martino*, to preserve your sleepes, and such

As you are untroubled, a ſouldier is in peace
A mockery, a very towne-bull for laughter, unthrifts,
And landed babies, are prey-curmudgeons,
Lay their baits for, let the warres rattle about
Your eares once, and the ſecuritie of a ſouldier is
Right honourable amongſt yee then, that day
May ſhine againe: ſo to my buſineſſe.

MAR. A ſouldier! thou a ſouldier, *I* doe believe
Th'art lowſie; that's a pretty ſigne I grant:
A villanous poore Bandetti rather, one
Can man a queane, and cant, and pick a pocket,
Pad for a cloake, or hat, and in the darke
Piſtoll a ſtragler for a quarter Ducate.
A ſouldier! yes, a lookes as if a had not
The ſpirit of a herring, or a tumbler.

BEN. Let age and dotage rage together, *Levidolche* thou art mine, on what conditions the world ſhall ſoone witneſſe: yet ſince our hands joyn'd, I have not intereſſed my poſſeſſion of thy bed, nor till I have accounted to thy injunction, doe I meane: kiſſe mee quick and reſolute. So adieu Signior.

LEV. Deare, for loves ſake, ſtay.

BEN. Forbeare intreaties. *Exit.*

MAR. Ah thou: but what? I know not how to call thee,
Faine would *I* ſmother griefe, and out it muſt,
My heart is broke, thou haſt for many a day
Been at a loſſe, and now art loſt for ever:
Loſt, loſt, without recovery.

LEV. With pardon,
Let me retaine your ſorrowes.

MAR. Tis impoſſible,
Deſpaire of riſing up to honeſt fame,
Turnes all the courſes wilde, and this laſt action
Will roare thy infamie, then you are certainly
Married forſooth, unto this new-come.

LEV. Yes, and herein every hope is brought to life,
Which long hath laine in deadneſſe, *I* have once more
Wedded *Benatzi* my divorced husband,

MAR.

MAR. *Benatzi*, this the man?
LEV. No odde disguise
Could guard him from discoverie; tis he,
The choyce of my ambition, heaven preserve me
Thankfull for such a bounty; yet he dreames not
Of this deceit, but let me die in speaking,
If *I* repute not my successe more happy
Then any earthly blessing; oh sweet uncle,
Rejoyce with me, *I* am a faithfull convert,
And will redeeme the staines of a foule name,
By love and true obedience.
MAR. Force of passion
Shewes me a childe againe, doe *Levidolche*,
Performe thy resolutions, those perform'd,
I have been onely steward for your welfare,
You shall have all between yee.
LEV. Joyne with me sir,
Our plot requires much speed: we must be earnest,
Ile tell yee what conditions threaten danger,
Unlesse you intermediate; let us hasten,
For feare we come too late.
MAR. As thou intendest
A vertuous honestie, *I* am thy second
To any office, *Levidolche* wittie,
My Neece, my wittie Neece.
LEV. Let's slack no time sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Trelcatio, Malfato, Spinella and Castanna.

TREL. Kinsman and Ladies, have a little patience,
All will be as you wish, Ile be your warrant,
Feare nothing, *Augia* is a noble fellow,
I leave yee; but be sure I am in hearing:
Take courage. *Exit.*
MAL. Courage, they who have no hearts,
Finde none to lose; ours is as great as his,
Who defie danger most, sure state and ceremonie

In

In habit here like strangers we shall wait
Formalitie of entertainment, Cousen,
Let us returne, 'tis paultry.
SPI. Gentle sir,
Confine your passion, my attendance onely
Commends a dutie.
Now for heavens sake sister ——
A' comes, your husband comes, take comfort sister
AURI. *Malfato.*
MAL. *Auria.*
AURI. Cosen, would mine armes
In their embraces might at once deliver
Affectionately what interest your merit
Holds in my estimation, I may chide
The coynesse of this intercourse betwixt us,
Which a retir'd privacie on your part
Hath pleas'd to shew; if ought of my endevours
Can purchase kinde opinion, I shall honour
The meanes and practice.
MAL. Tis your charitie.
AURE. VVorthy *Malfato.*
MAL. Provident *Aurelio.*
AURI. *Castanna*, vertuous mayd,
CAS. Your servant, brother.
AURI. But who's that other, such a face mine eyes
Have been acquainted with, the sight resembles
Something which is not quite lost to remembrance;
VVhy do's the Lady kneele? to whom? pray rise;
I shall forget civilitie of manners,
Imagining you tender, a false tribute,
Or him to whom you tender it, a counterfeit.
MAL. My Lord, you use a borrowd bravery,
Not suiting faire constructions, may your fortunes
Mount higher than can apprehension reach 'em,
Yet this waste kinde of antique soveraignitie
Unto a wife who equals every best
Of your deserts, atchievements, or posteritie,

Enter Auria, and Aurelio.

Bewrayes a barrennesse of noble nature,
Let upstarts exercise uncomely roughnesse,
Cleare spirits to the humble will be humble:
You know your wife no doubt.

AURI. Cry ye mercie Gentleman,
Belike you come to tutour a good carriage,
Are expert in the nicke ont, we shall study
Instructions queintly, wife you sayd, agreed.
Keepe faire, and stand the triall.

SPI. Those words raise
A lively soule in her, who almost yeelded
To faintnesse and stupiditie, *I* thanke yee,
Tho prove what judge you will, till I can purge
Objections which require beliefe and conscience,
I have no kindred sister, husband, friend,
Or pittie for my plea.

MAL. Call ye this welcom? we are mistook *Castanna*.

CAS. Oh my Lord, other respects were promised.

AURI. Said yee Lady,
No kindred, sister, husband, friend.

SPI. Nor name,
With this addition, *I* disclaime all benefit
Of mercie from a charitable thought,
If one or all the subtilties of malice,
If any enginiere of faithlesse discord,
If supposition for pretence in folly,
Can poynt out, without injurie to goodnesse,
A likelihood of guilt in my behaviour,
Which may declare neglect in every dutie,
Requir'd fit, or exacted.

AURI. High and peremptory,
The confidence is masculine.

MAL. Why not, an honourable cause gives life to truth,
Without controll.

SPI. I can proceed, that tongue,
Whose venome by traducing spotlesse honour,
Hath spread, th'infection is not more mine enemie,

Then theirs, or his weake and besotted braines are,
On whom the poyson of its cankred falshood
Hath wrought for credit to so foule a mischiefe.
Speake sir, the churlish voyce of this combustion,
Aurelio speake, nor (gentle sir) forbeare
Ought what you know, but roundly use your eloquence
Against a meane defendant.

MAL. Hee's put too't,
It seemes the challenge gravels him.

AURE. My intelligence,
Was issue of my doubts, not of my knowledge.
A selfe confession may crave assistance,
Let the Ladies justice impose the penance.
So in the rules of friendship, as of love,
Suspition is not seldome an improper
Advantage for the knitting faster joynts
Of faithfullest affection by the severs
Of casualtie unloos'd, where lastly errour
Hath run into the toyle.

SPI. Wofull satis faction for a divorce of hearts.

AURI. So resolute,
I shall touch nearer home, behold these haires,
(Great Masters of a spirit) yet they are not
By winter of old age quite hid in snow,
Some messengers of time I must acknowledge
Amongst them tooke up lodging, when we first
Exchang'd our faiths in wedlock, *I* was proud,
I did prevaile with one whose youth and beauty
Deserv'd a choyce more sutable in both.
Advancement to a fortune could not court,
Ambition either on my side, or hers:
Love drove the bargaine, and the truth of love
Confirm'd it, I conceiv'd, but disproportion
In yeares, amongst the married, is a reason
For change of pleasures, whereto I reply
Our union was not forc'd, 'twas by consent;
So then the breach in such a case appeares

Unpardonable,

Unpardonable; say your thoughts.

SPI. My thoughts in that respect are as resolute as yours,
The same, yet herein evidence of frailtie
Deserv'd not more a separation,
Then doth charge of disloyaltie objected
Without or ground or witnesse, womans faults
Subject to punishments, and mens applauded,
Prescribe no lawes in force.

AURE. Are ye so nimble.

MAL. A soul sublim'd from drosse by competition,
Such as is mighty *Aurias* fam'd; descends
From its owne Spheare, when injuries profound ones
Yeeld to the combat of a scoulding masterie.
Skirmish of words hath with your wife lewdly rang'd
Adulterating the honour of your bed.
Hold dispute, but execute your vengeance,
With unresisted rage we shall looke on,
Allow the fact, and spurne her from our blouds,
Else not detected, you have wrong'd her innocence
Unworthily, and childishly, for which
I challenge satisfaction.

CAS. Tis a tyranny
Over an humble and obedient sweetnesse,
Ungently to insult ——

Enter Adurni.

ADUR. That *I* make good,
And must without exception finde admittance
Fitting the party who hath herin interest,
Put case I was in fault, that fault stretch'd meerely
To a misguided thought, and who in presence
Except the paire of fisters faire and matchlesse,
Can quit an imputation of like folly?
Here I aske pardon (excellent *Spinella*
Of only you) that granted he amongst you,
VVho calles an even reckoning, shall meet
An even accountant.

AURI. Baited by confederacie,

I must have right.

SPI. And I, my *Lord*, my Lord,
What stirre and coyle is here? you can suspect,
So reconciliation then is needlesse,
Conclude the difference by revenge, or part,
And never more see one another: sister,
Lend me thine arme, I have assum'd a courage
Above my force, and can hold out no longer,
Auria unkinde, unkinde.

CAS. She faints.

AURI. *Spinella*, regent of my affections, thou hast conquerd,
I finde thy vertues as I left them, perfect,
Pure, and unflaw'd, for instance let me claime
Castannas promise.

CAS. Mine?

AURI. Yours, to whose faith
I am a guardian, not by imposition,
But by you chosen, looke yee, I have fitted
A husband for you, noble and deserving,
No shrinking backe, *Adurni* I present her
A wife of worth.

MAL. Howes that?

ADVR. So great a blessing
Crownes all desires of life, the motion, Lady,
To me, I can assure you, is not sudden,
But welcom'd & forethought, would you could please
To say the like.

AURI. *Castanna* doe —— Speake deerest,
It rectifies all crookes, vaine surmises,
I prethee speake.

SPI. The courtship's somewhat quick,
The match it seemes agreed on, doe not sister
Reject the use of fate.

CAS. I dare not question
The will of heaven.

MAL. Vnthought of and unlookt for.

SPI. My ever honored Lord.

AURE.

AURE. This marriage frees
Each circumstance of jealousie.
AURI. Make no scruple
(*Castanna*) of the choyce, tis firme and reall,
Why else have I so long with tamenesse nourisht
Report of wrongs, but that I fixt on issue
Of my desires, Italians use not dalliance
But execution; herein I degenerated
From custome of our nation: for the vertues
Of my *Spinella* rooted in my soule,
Yet common forme of matrimoniall complements,
Short liv'd, as are their pleasures, yet in sooth,
My dearest, I might blame your causelesse absence,
To whom my love and nature were no strangers,
But being in your kinsmans house, I honour
His hospitable friendship, and must thank it.
Now latting truce on all hands.
AURE. You will pardon
A rash and over-busie curiositie.
SPI. It was too blame, but the successe remits it.
AD. Sir, what presumptions formerly have grounded
Opinion of unfitting carriage to you,
On my part I shall faithfully acquite
At easie summons.
MAL. You prevent the nicetie,
Use your owne pleasure----
AURE. Whats the matter?
AURI. Matter?
BEN. *Adurni* and *Malfato* found together!
Now for a glorious vengeance.
LEV. Hold, oh hold him.
AURE. This is no place for murder, yeeld thy sword.
AURE. Yeeld it, or force it; set you up your shambles
Of slaughter in my presence.
ADUR. Let him come.
MAL. VVhat can the Ruffian meane?
BEN. I am prevented.

Enter Benatzi, his sword drawn, Levidolche and Martino following.

The temple or the chamber of the Duke;
Had else not prov'd a sanctuarie Lord,
Thou hast dishonourably wrong'd my wife.

ADUR. Thy wife! *I* know not her, nor thee.

AURI. Feare nothing.

LE. Yes, me you know, heaven has a gentle mercie
For penitent offenders: blessed Ladies,
Repute me not a cast-away, though once
I fell into some lapses, which our sex
Are oft intangled by; yet what *I* have been,
Concernes me now no more, who am resolv'd
On a new life. This Gentleman *Benatzi*,
Disguised as you see, *I* have re-married,
I knew you at first sight, and tender constantly
Submission for all errours.

MAR. Nay, tis true sir.

BEN. *I* joy in the discovery, am thankfull
Vnto the change.

AURI. Let wonder henceforth cease,
For *I* am partner with *Benatzis* counsels;
And in them was director, *I* have seene
The man doe service in the warres late past,
VVorthy an ample mention; but of that
At large hereafter, repetitions now
Of good or bad, would streighten time presented
For other use.

MAR. VVelcome, and welcome ever.

LE. Mine eyes sir, never shall without a blush
Receive a looke from yours; please to forget
All passages of rashnesse, such attempt
VVas mine, and onely mine.

MAL. You have found a way
To happinesse, *I* honour the conversion,

ADUR. Then I am freed.

MAL. may stile your friend your servant,

MAR. Now all thats mine, is theirs,

ADUR. But let me adde

An offering to the altar of this peace.
AURI. How likes *Spinelli* this? our holy day
Deserves the Kalender.
SPI. This Gentlewoman
Reform'd must in my thoughts live faire and worthy,
Indeed you shal.
CAS. And mine, the novelcie
Requires a friendly love.
LEV. You are kinde and bountifull.

Enter Trelcatio, Futelli, Amoretta, Piero, driving in Fulgosa, and Guzman.

TREL. By your leaves Lords and Ladies, to your jollities,
I bring increase with mine too, here's a yongster
Whom I cll sonne-in-law, for so my daughter
Will have it.
AMO. Yeth in sooth thee will.
TREL. *Futelli* hath wean'd her from this paine.
PIE. Stand forth stout lovers.
TREL. Top & Top-gallant paire, and for his pains,
She will have him, or none, hee's not the richest
I'th parish; but a wit, *I* say Amen,
Because I cannot helpe it.
AMO. Tith no matter.
AURI. Wee'l remedy the penury of Fortune,
They shall with us to *Corsica*, our cousin
Must not despaire of means, since tis believ'd
Futelli can deserve a place of trust.
FUT. You are in all unfellowed,
AMO. Withly thpoken.
PIE. Thinke on *Piero* sir.
AURI. *Piero*, yes,
But what of these two pretty ones?
FUL. Ile follow.
The Ladies, play at cards, make sport and whistle,
My purse shall beare me out, a lazie life,

Is scirvy, and deboſhd; fight you abroad,
And weele be game whiles you fight at home,
Runne high, runne low, here is a braine can doot,
But for my martiall brother Don, prithee make him
A what dee callt, a ſetting dog, a centinell
Ile mend his weekely pay.
Guz. Hee ſhall deſerve it.
Vouchſafe employment honourable
Ful. Marry.
The Dons a generous Don.
Auri. Unfit to looſe him,
Command doth limit us ſhort time for revells,
Wee muſt be thrifty in them, none I truſt,
Repines at theſe delights, they are free and harmeleſſe,
After diſtreſſe at ſea, the dangers ore,
Safety and welcomes better taſte a ſhore.

EPILOGVE.

THe Court's on riſing; tis too late
To wiſh the Lady in her fate
Of tryall now more fortunate.
A verdict in the Ladies breſt,
Will be anon up anon at leaſt,
Then tis fit we hope the beſt.
Elſe if there can be any ſtay,
Next ſitting without more delay,
We will expect a gentle day.

KFINDER,
Law Common

12/19/39